THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 12. NO. 39. RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1894. TERMS—$1.50 IN ADVANCE

A LAND SLIDE ALL OVER

EVERYTHING BUT EAGLE RIVER AND TEXAS.

The Majorities All Over The Country Exceed Those of Even War Times. Democracy is Dead.

Never in the history of the country has there been such a political landslide as that which occurred Tuesday. The wave of popular opinion in condemnation of Democratic misrule and fallacious ideas was something simply appalling to Democrats and while it was gratifying to the Republicans, it was nevertheless so unanimous as to almost take their breath away. It's a long story, take it from one end of the country to the other, and we will only give an outline of it.

Hill is beaten for Governor of New York by 150,000 majority.

New York city goes Republican, the first time since 1858.

Tammany is dead and buried. New Jersey goes Republican.

Missouri elects an entire Republican ticket.

Illinois goes Republican by 100,000.

Ohio whoops it up to the time of 150,000.

Counties in this state which were never before known to go Republican have given big majorities this year.

The solid south is broken at last. Missouri goes Republican by a big majority and North Carolina is in doubt yet.

Prof. Wilson, of tariff fame, is snowed under by 2,000 majority.

North and South Dakota both go Republican.

The Populists peter out in Colorado and Waite, the "Bloody Bridles" brigand, is beaten out of sight.

Minnesota, despite a populist-democrat fusion, goes Republican by a majority of nearly 50,000.

Iowa is away up in G on figures.

In fact every state in the north has gone Republican by enormous majorities.

The House of Representatives will be Republican by at least 50 majority.

The Wisconsin legislature will be Republican in both branches.

It is likely that the present gerrymander will be knocked out and the state redistricted.

Republicans everywhere have great cause for jubilation. The country is again in the hands of the party which pledges the policies under which we prospered, and the state is out of the hands of the peanut politicians who have disgraced themselves, their party and their state by sham pretences of economy and stupid attempts to defraud the people by a Roster job.

Well, its all over and we are well satisfied. While Ogden is defeated there are no sore spots here. Its all right boys. The way it turned out no Republican can feel anyway but good, and the fact that Brennan got the clerkship doesn't make a bit of difference in the feeling around the New North office. Brennan will take care of the office all right, and we will all get along together all right.

It's a shame "the way Yawkey uses his men." Every vote in the town but six was cast for him. He got 155. That's the best answer to the campaign lies.

Henry McKinstry was down from Tomahawk Lake last Saturday to have his injured leg dressed. He is recovering well from his bad accident.

Lost—A package of seven photographs somewhere on the street. Please return to this office and receive reward.

Frank Cain's campaign expenses consisted of six cents worth of postage stamps and the work of writing three letters.

Bert Sheehy is in the city to-day. He is on the road selling lumber for the Ross Lumber Co., of Arbor Vitae.

Geo. O'Connor was elected Sheriff of Vilas county. Herman Finger beat F. W. McIntyre for Treasurer.

C. F. Smith and D. D. Flanner are up to Eagle River this week looking after their logging interests.

Upham script appears to be all right once a year anyway—on election day.

Doctor Johnson and Geo. Marshall, of Woodboro, were in the city Tuesday night.

Wilson, of Minneapolis, had an auction sale of horses here yesterday.

W. E. Brown left for Chicago Tuesday evening.

Vilas county went Republican, too.

ONEIDA IS REPUBLICAN.

THE COUNTY ROLLS UP OVER 600 MAJORITY.

Everything Goes Republican Except One Office—The Democrats Are Simply Paralyzed at the Result.

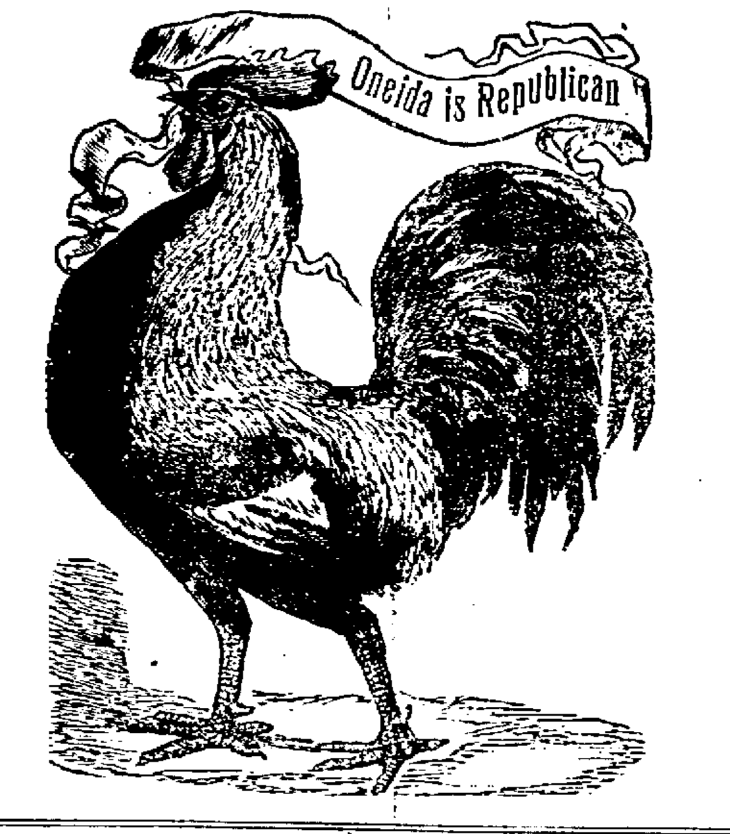
Here is how Oneida county went on Tuesday:

For Governor, W. H. Upham.
For Congressman, Alex. Stewart.
For Assemblyman, C. C. Yawkey.
For Sheriff, B. F. Smith.
For Clerk, E. P. Brennan.
For Register of Deeds, Fred Peikard.
For Court Clerk, Frank Cain.
For School Supt., F. M. Mason.
For Coroner, G. C. Pingry.
For Surveyor, D. H. Vaughn.
For Dist. Atty, L. J. Billings.

Oneida county has gone Republican by an enormous majority, considering the size of the vote. It has made a Republican gain of nearly 700, a record which can be surpassed by no county in the state, in proportion to the number of votes cast. Cy. C. Yawkey, candidate for Assembly, heads everyone with a majority in the county of nearly 1,000, Upham gets over 600, while Stewart snows under the Peanut politician from Antigo by nearly 800 majority.

It was the greatest landslide on record and it simply paralyzed the Democratic leaders. The New North predicted that the county would go 250 Republican, but no one looked for anything so large. Rhinelander spoke as usual but somewhat louder than on former occasions. The outside precincts went Republican with a whoop, except Woodboro, where there politics seem to be somewhat mixed. The only voting precinct in the county which did not go Republican is poor little Stella, which as a parting gasp gave Peck two majority. There will be no voting at that place hereafter as the mill firm there has finished its cut. The banner precinct of the county is Tomahawk Lake, which has only six Democrats, with McNaughton and Hazelhurst not far behind. The first and sixth wards are also in line in handsome shape. There is no question as to where Oneida county will stand in the future. Its Democratic vote this year came largely from the transient camps, leaving the resident vote even heavier Republican than the returns would indicate. There are a good many pleasant features of the county vote, principal of which is the enormous majority given to Cyrus C. Yawkey for Assembly. The city did well by him and everywhere he runs away ahead. Lynch's record in Congress was also given a body blow by Oneida county voters, running Stewart ahead everywhere. The scurrilous attacks which have been made upon Maj. Upham were of no consequence here in influencing voters, in fact it seems to have worked the other way. The contest for county office was waged with vigor by the Democratic candidates and the result of their personal work is plainly discernable. Without exception the Republican candidates worked for the success of the Republican ticket more than for their own individual success and while they helped materially in carrying the county for the head of the ticket they lost votes for themselves. But the majority was so big that it carried all through but one, and in that case the Democratic candidate certainly is entitled to the full credit of making a thorough and untiring canvass. He has worked incessantly ever since the nomination and his work alone carried him through. The fight on sheriff was a hard and close one. Smith wins a good victory, as the fight for Doyle was a mighty one. Frank Cain was elected court clerk without ever turning a hand. He ran well in the city and ahead outside. The county officers majorities run all the way from 500 down. There was no undue excitement anywhere in the county during the day and up to the time counting of ballots began there was no one with an idea of how the county candidates were running but all agreed that it was Republican. The Peoples Party dream faded as was expected it would. In the county they cast half the vote which their leaders figured on. Following is the complete county returns except the Populist, which we have not full returns at hand:

OFFICES.	1st ward	2d ward	3d ward	4th ward	5th ward	6th ward	Pelican.	Stella.	Hazel'st	Harshaw	T'm'k Lake	Mc-Nau.	Mc-Cord	Wdl-boro	Total
Governor—															
William H. Upham	127	86	81	121	128	79	123	10	114	135	85	53	52	45	1152
George W. Peck	32	11	42	61	109	41	78	12	45	81	6	19	11	41	601
Congressman—															
Alex Stewart	119	85	83	127	130	81	128	11	125	135	81	24	56	30	1245
Thomas Lynch	21	22	30	45	99	32	42	12	24	41	6	9	19	37	475
Assemblyman—															
C. C. Yawkey	116	90	130	124	127	88	122	12	125	129	84	43	56	56	1326
A. McKenzie	28	31	45	13	77	29	45	13	6	51	6	11	13	32	418
County Clerk—															
Wm. C. Ogden	78	67	45	86	120	85	87	10	112	84	68	45	42	29	967
E. P. Brennan	51	87	119	93	139	61	120	19	40	111	25	24	17	69	1017
Treasurer—															
Chas. Woodcock	102	80	71	121	115	82	112	14	113		82	51	51	42	1030
Alex Sutton	47	40	89	63	115	40	69	12	22		6	19	13	12	285
Sheriff—															
B. F. Smith	81	65	60	95	122	87	96	2	114	89	62	41	40	22	992
Peter Doyle	72	68	119	38	128	43	133	26	17	97	25	21	15	61	887
Coroner—															
G. C. Pingry	109	87	81	112	125	83	112	10	115		83	30	51	44	1063
F. A. Hildebrand	24	40	30	24	102	41	37	15	25		5	11	13	41	522
Clerk of Court—															
Frank Cain	80	69	65	61	80	67	25	10	101		67	42	45	21	836
E. C. Sturdevant	70	62	87	108	150	65	88	15	73		21	19	19	20	821
District Attorney—															
L. J. Billings	98	82	80	96	164	75	111	9	111		83	31	21	42	1116
D. H. Walker	39	62	83	81	122	67	49	15	42		7	17	12	23	708
Register of Deeds—															
Fred Peikard	112	94	122	118	157	91	130	10	122		82	51	51	43	1183
James Meiklejohn	25	30	28	41	75	30	45	16	20		8	10	13	41	466
Surveyor—															
David H. Vaughn	110	88	91	122	178	82	122	10	33		82	51	51	41	1052
M. L. Fay	22	36	55	55	92	27	45	15	89		9	10	13	30	525
Superintendent of Schools—															
F. M. Mason	126	107	111	167	135	106	122	7	113		81	38	51	51	1196
Arthur Taylor	31	30	65	68	105	30	43	19	37		7	10	12	45	520



John Fenlon was in the city Tuesday night.

But little money was won or lost on the election here.

Jim Howe and wife left for Washington Tuesday morning.

We are sorry to see some of the defeated ones feel badly. Brace up, boys, there is nothing personal in it.

The populists didn't amount to much in this county but some of their leaders got a good two months' job out of it.

The Firemen.

Hose House No. 1 has been thoroughly overhauled and fixed up of late and the boys now have as nice quarters as one could desire. A large addition to the hose house proper has been added which affords sleeping accommodations for a number of men. At present there are eight beds, each having an occupant at night ready to turn out and fight the red demon at a minute's notice. The room is neat and clean, carpeted and fitted out with conveniences for the use of the boys. Everything looks business-like and has that appearance of energy and strength which is necessary in time of need. An electric stable door release will be attached next week which will throw open the doors which shut in the horses at the first stroke of alarm, and by the time the boys are dressed the horses will be in position under the harness, and in a moment, firemen, apparatus, etc., will be enroute for the scene of the blaze.

The new additions were dedicated last Saturday, and a sumptuous banquet was laid for the members of the company and their friends. A large crowd did justice to the spread and all pronounced it A No. 1. Al. Mettayer acted as chef and was arrayed in colors to suit the occasion—Red, white and blue. Following is the menu:

Oysters on Half Shell. Mulligatawny Soup.
Boiled Hallibut, Egg Sauce.
Baked Fearing, Queen Olives.
Sweet Pickles. Horse Radish. Cole Slaw.
Sliced Tomatoes, Chow Chow.
Iced Cucumbers and Celery.
Roast Prince. Ribs of Jackson.
Roast Turkey Stuffed with Reiler.
Roast Spring Lamb a La Cole.
Roast Grouse with Lytle Sauce.
Cauliflower. Pythand Sauce.
Coquille aux Huitre.
Lettuce. Langley Tart.
Custard Tourlets. Genesee Cakes.
Cavanaugh Pudding.
Rume Sauce. Shorty Cake.
Pudding a La Ball. Sauce Reardelton.
Tea. Coffee. Cocoa.
Chocolate.

A twelve pound girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dunn on Friday last.

A series of revival meetings will begin in the M. E. Church Wednesday evening, Nov. 14. Evangelist A. E. Burrows, of Chicago, will take charge of the work. Mr. Savage has secured the Opera House for two weeks, the services would begin there but for an engagement at the Opera House on the 14th. Mr. Burrows is very successful as an Evangelist. He is now conducting meetings in Antigo with great results. The business firms have closed their stores at 7 p. m. for the purpose of attending the services. Scores of souls have been converted to God and the good work is still going on. The churches in this city are earnestly praying for a great religious awakening. Come, every one. All are welcome.

Rev. Thomas G. Grasse, of Ashland, Missionary Superintendent for Northern Wisconsin, will preach at the Union Congregational Church next Sunday, Oct. 11, morning and evening. He will speak in the morning by special request on "The Millennial Church." None should fail to hear the sermon who can possibly attend.

Mr. Hugh Calkins, who has spent the past year as apprentice at the barber trade, in the shop of John Lewis, left for Stevens Point where he will hold down a chair for John Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Kemp and Miss Nell Amoss were called to Wabash, Ind., Tuesday by telegram to attend Miss Betine Amoss who is seriously ill at her home at that place.

We understand that a late fad in fall and winter dresses is trimming them with ribbon belonging to other people.

Mrs. Chas. Chafee was at Appleton this week visiting with Miss Mable, who is attending Lawrence University.

STEWART AND YAWKEY

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMAN AND ASSEMBLYMAN CHOSEN.

Peanut Tom Is Turned Down Almost Unanimously. McKenzie is Simply Buried By Yawkey.

Alexander Stewart will represent the Ninth District in Congress for the next two years, and he has reason to be proud of the magnificent run he made. He carries every county in the District and will have a majority of between six and seven thousand. Old Marathon has left Democracy and gives Stewart over 600 majority. Everything went the same way. Even in Antigo, Lynch's home, the Congressman ran away behind on the Democratic ticket. It was a great victory in the district, and the district as well as Republicans, are to be congratulated.

There is nothing in the whole landslide which is more gratifying than the great victory of Oneida county's candidate for the Assembly, Cyrus C. Yawkey. He has covered McKenzie with a snow storm of ballots. Oneida county did nobly, and Price and Taylor went for him heavily. He even carried McKenzie's own county, Vilas, but of course Eagle River gave McKenzie a big majority, which was nothing more than was expected. It is particularly pleasing to see Mr. Yawkey bury the opposition after the scurrilous campaign methods which were used to prejudice voters against him. The count of the votes shows that voters paid no attention to the little campaign lies which have been circulated so industriously against Yawkey. It simply proves what we claimed before—that the election this fall could not be turned by any clap trap talk of side issues and "laboring man's friend" business. The election gives Oneida county an Assemblyman of ability, and to the district a Representative who we predict will take a leading position in the Legislature and a prominent part in all legislation of the session. Especially will he be active in looking after his own district's interest.

Program

For the Browning Evening of the Priscilla Literature Circle Nov. 12:

1—Piano Solo..........Miss Van Tassel
2—Review of Scott.
3—Solo—..............Miss Lou Stevens
4—Paper, Mrs. Browning...Miss Gary
5—Recitation....................Mrs. Ming
6—Paper, Robert Browning
..............................Mrs. Chandler
7—Quotations by all the class.
8—Orchestra.

Notice.

Until further notice, John G. Lang has the renting of my houses and rooms. Apply at his store, Jas. Conro block, for terms. John P. C. Hoffman retired. Signed,

James M. Conro.

Every mother should know that croup can be prevented. The first symptom of true croup is hoarseness. This is followed by a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the cough has developed it will prevent the attack. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale at Palace Drug Store.

The ladies of the City Mission request all who have anything in the line of clothing of any kind, or bedding, to donate for charitable purposes, to leave the same at the residence of Mrs. Geo. Pingry. Already several calls for help have been received, and work must be commenced at once.

It is expected that Rev. Mr. and Mrs. George C. Haun, of Madison, will conduct a series of special services in Union Congregational church the week before Thanksgiving. Mr. Haun is an earnest and successful Evangelist, and Mrs. Haun a singer of remarkable gifts.

The ladies of the City Mission are requested to meet at Mrs. McCormick's on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Anyone having clothing or bedding to be used by the Mission will please send same to Mrs. Pingry.

Send in your old overcoat and winter suits and have them dyed, cleaned and repaired and made to look like new. Ladies wear also colored and cleaned. Axel Lindgreen, Rhinelander, Wis.

Lost.—A black silk hand bag. Finder please leave it at Mrs. McIndoe's.

Eagle River went Democratic. It showed a slight Democratic gain!

COUPON LIARS REBUKED.

WISCONSIN GOES REPUBLICAN BY 50,000 MAJORITY.

The Entire State Ticket Goes in and Every Congressman in Wisconsin is Republican—The Legislature is Safe.

The death knell of peanut politics was heard in Wisconsin Tuesday. The small bore roorback circulators have been laid on the shelf by the strong arm of public opinion.

Wisconsin gives a Republican plurality of between 50,000 and 60,000. W. H. Upham and the entire state ticket is elected. Nine, and perhaps ten congressmen are Republicans. The Democrats lose the state Senate and Assembly. Milwaukee county gives a Republican plurality of about 7,000 and elects the Republican ticket entire. Remarkable Republican gains are reported from every county in the state.

The Republicans carried Milwaukee city and county both, obtaining pluralities in fifteen of eighteen wards, all the three villages and every town but one in the county. The entire Republican ticket is elected, all three state senators and twelve of fourteen assemblymen.

The congressional delegation will probably stand as follows:

First District—H. A. Cooper, Rep.
Second District—Chas. Barwig (in doubt.)
Third District—J. W. Babcock, Rep.
Fourth District—Theobald Otjen, Rep.
Fifth District—S. S. Barney, Rep.
Sixth District—S. A. Cook, Rep.
Seventh District—Michael Griffin, Rep.
Eighth District—E. S. Minor, Rep.
Ninth District—Alex. Stewart, Rep.
Tenth District—J. J. Jenkins, Rep.

The L. O. T. M., assisted by the K. O. T. M., will give their first dance given by the Maccabee society in the city next Wednesday evening. Come and enjoy yourself.

Wanted—Situation by man and wife, to run saw mill or camp boarding house. Have had experience and can furnish good references. Inquire at this office. N 8 1m.

Horses For Sale.—Twenty teams of horses weighing 3,000 pounds to 3,600 pounds. Prices and terms favorable. These horses are all at work and will be in prime condition for logging. We have also forty Percheron mares full blood and registered. They are in foal by Fier A. Bras, a coal black stallion weighing 2,000 pounds. This stallion took first premium at the world's fair in Chicago, and all breeders of heavy horses will remember him as the finest piece of horse flesh ever imported to this country.
The Minnesota Percheron Horse Company. Address,
Paine Lumber Co., Oshkosh, Wis.

There is no medicine so often needed in every home and so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Hardly a week passes but some member of the family has need of it. A toothache or headache may be cured by it. A touch of rheumatism or neuralgia quieted. The severe pain of a burn or scald promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflamation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third of the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate treatment before the parts become swollen, which can only be done when Pain Balm is kept on hand. A sore throat may be cured before it becomes serious. A troublesome corn may be removed by applying it twice a day for a week or two. A lame back may be cured and several days of valuable time saved or a pain in the side or chest relieved without paying a doctor bill. Procure a 50 cent bottle at once and you will never regret it. For sale at the Palace Drug Store.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

It is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

TO HORSEOWNERS.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER. - WISCONSIN.

The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

DOMESTIC.

D. W. CALDWELL, president of the Nickel Plate, was made president of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad.

MISS ELLA STANTON, 19 years old, of Philadelphia, threw a handful of red pepper into the eyes of Thomas Roland because he insisted on paying attentions to her. The young man will be blind.

THE third attempt in two months was made to burn the Akron Building & Cabinet company's plant at Akron, O.

JAMES P. WILLETT, a lifelong resident of the district, was appointed postmaster of Washington by the president.

A FRENCH secret society called "The Macquereaux" was alleged to be responsible for the murder of two women in Denver.

WILLIAM GRIFFIN and Leroy Moores, Perrien county (Ga.) farmers, fought a duel with axes, both being killed.

THREE unknown men were killed by a freight train wreck on the Beech Creek railroad near Peale, Pa. They had revolvers and burglars' tools and were supposed to have been cracksmen.

REWARDS were offered by the postmaster general for the arrest and conviction of highway mail robbers and post office burglars.

IN his annual report Commissioner of Education Harris points out the great educational influence of newspapers and magazines.

TWO MEN entered the jewelry store in Chicago of the Brethauer company in broad daylight, locked the attendant in the vault and carried off $5,000 worth of goods.

THROUGH an error in enrolling the bill, Pennsylvania's marriage license law will not become operative until October 1, 1895.

SEVEN persons were suffocated in a tenement-house fire in New York and a woman who jumped from a third-story window was fatally injured.

CYCLIST JOHNSON broke all records at Buffalo, N. Y., by riding an unpaced mile in 1:57 4-5.

JOHN KEPPS and David Jones were instantly killed and Benjamin Mountfatally injured by the explosion of a sawmill boiler at Parkersburg, W. Va.

JAMES HERDMAN, a banker at Pittsburgh, Pa., and one of its best known citizens, died from pneumonia, aged 79 years.

JULES REESE, steward of the Washington Park club in Chicago, was said to have embezzled $15,000. He fled after burning his books.

JOHN R. ENGLEBERT, an engineer, manager of a Tennessee iron company, was killed at Elfe, Pa., by a boy whom he attempted to frighten.

DISTILLERS at Baltimore, Md., will test the constitutionality of that section of the new tariff increasing the tax on whisky in bond.

THE twenty-second annual congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women was in session at Knoxville, Tenn.

ONE of the recent developments of the brewers' war at St. Joseph, Mo., was the mutilation of horses belonging to the brewers. The employes were suspected.

FIRE that started in the car shops at Newburyport, Mass., caused a loss of $150,000.

DAVID YOUNG, a prominent farmer near Stockton, Cal., failed for $114,275.

THE Meridan national bank and the Merchants' national bank at Indianapolis, Ind., were consolidated under the name of the latter.

THE British steamer Tong Ships arrived in New York from the Dutch East Indies with a cargo of 12,600,000 pounds of sugar.

WILLIAM JONES and George Buckland, miners near Nanticoke, Pa., were drowned by a rush of water.

MRS. HELEN M. GOUGAR was for the seventeenth time elected president of the Indiana Equal Suffrage association in session at Marion.

The president has named Thursday, November 29, as Thanksgiving day.

EDWARD MARTIN was lynched in Crittenden county, Ky., because he would not turn state's evidence against the outlaw, Bill Goodle.

WILLIAM JONES, the owner of a number of coal mines at Silver Creek, O., was struck by a train at Akron, O., and killed.

AN attempt to wreck a Lake Shore train at Farnham Station, O., was frustrated by a track walker's vigilance.

IN a collision on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road near Scranton, Pa., Engineer James Lynot and Fireman Elmer Scull, of a coal train, and Fireman William C. Hosey, of an express train, were instantly killed.

WORK of surveying for a ship canal to connect Lake Erie and the Ohio river is to be begun at once.

THE public debt statement issued on the 1st showed that the debt increased $18,680,886 during the month of October. The cash balance in the treasury was $107,240,145. The total debt, less the cash balance in the treasury, amounts to $911,277,371.

HENRY SCHMEHL, a Chicago pedestrian, won a wager of $500 by walking from Indianapolis to Chicago in 71 hours and 9 minutes.

BURGLARS entered the bank at West Winfield, N. Y., blew the door of the vault off with dynamite and secured about $2,000 in money.

FREDERICK WILL, aged 25 years, a member of the United States marine corps, shot his mistress, Annie Grandy, aged 22, at Washington, and then killed himself.

PROF. HOURWICH, of the Chicago university, a Russian refugee, believes the czar's death will remove the ban on Jews.

THE Industrial Land & Development company of May's Landing, N. J., failed for $150,000; assets, $115,000.

THE weather bureau at Washington says that on the whole conditions during October were generally favorable for farm work, especially for fall plowing and gathering corn.

AT San Jose, Cal., Senator L. trotted 4 miles in 10:12, lowering the world's record 40¼ seconds.

THE government receipts in October aggregated $19,139,240, or $3,500,000 less than during September. Customs receipts were $11,292,118, or $2,500,000 less than in September. The expenditures during October aggregated $24,713,029, against $30,253,000 in September, and $35,500,000 in October, 1893.

THREE masked men robbed a train at New Albany, Miss., but aside from a little jewelry they secured no booty.

REPORTS to the director of the mint show coinage for October as follows, Gold, $2,911,500; silver, $1,217,000, of which $500,000 was standard dollars; minor coin, $23,900. Total, $4,152,700.

FOURTEEN white caps who took part in the battle in Sevier county, Tenn., in which three men were killed, were arrested.

THE exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 2d aggregated $922,237,315, against $911,918,335 the previous week. The decrease, compared with the corresponding week in 1893, was 12.8.

IN a race between an electric car and a train at Cincinnati a collision occurred and eight persons were injured.

AT Point Breeze, Pa., Robert J. defeated John R. Gentry in two heats of 2:05 and 2:12¾, when the latter was drawn.

THE Michigan supreme court has sustained the validity of the proceedings removing the county seat of Berrien county from Berrien Springs to St. Joseph.

GOVERNMENT officials at Washington will cause a rigid inspection of German imports in retaliation for the embargo on American cattle.

THERE were 249 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 2d, against 231 the week previous and 255 in the corresponding time in 1893.

AT South Omaha, Neb., the beef-house and office of the Hammond Packing company was burned, entailing a loss of $500,000. Two firemen were killed.

HURRICANES in Texas and Louisiana injured a number of people and destroyed a great amount of property.

MRS. HERMANN, the missing Lexow witness, was put on the stand and said she had paid $25,000 hush money to the New York police.

SNOWSTORMS were reported from Michigan and Illinois points. At Calumet, Mich., there was a fall of 3 inches.

FIVE world's records and four class A marks were broken by bicycle riders on the track at Waltham, Mass.

WITHOUT provocation William Gipp shot his mother dead in Buffalo, N. Y., and then fatally wounded his father.

TWO MEMBERS of the notorious Cook gang of train robbers were captured by citizens of Cushing, O. T.

ANNOYED by playing children, Daniel Wood, of St. Joseph, Mo., fired into the crowd, fatally wounding Willie Ware and Rose Delaney.

MRS. LOUISE YOUNG was granted a divorce at Cincinnati and $40,000 alimony from Gen. Hal C. Young.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR proposes to erect in New York the greatest hotel in the world, to cost $8,600,000.

AT Chillicothe, O., John S. Johnson rode a third of a mile on a bicycle in 0:32 2-5, breaking the world's record.

T. M. LATIMER, of Allegheny, Pa., dry goods merchant, failed for $150,000.

BUSINESS men in Toledo, O., were preparing to investigate an alleged steal of $1,000,000 of the city's funds.

ALBERT JENNINGS, known as "Alamazoo" to every ball player in the country, died at the city hospital in Cincinnati from a surgical operation.

ARRANGEMENTS for putting into effect the new income tax law were being rapidly carried forward in Washington by Superintendent Pugh.

THE Neal, Goff & Inglis building in Hartford, Conn., was destroyed by fire, the loss being $150,000.

PATRICK KIERNAN, a wealthy farmer living near Green Isle, Minn., was murdered and robbed and his body thrown into a well.

TWO OFFICERS and one member of the Cook gang were killed in a running fight near Sa-Sab-ka, I. T., and two more bandits were wounded.

THE failure of George M. Irwin & Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., extensive discretionary pool operators, spread consternation among depositors.

WHEN the proposed plans for enlarging Hoffman island have been completed New York will have the finest quarantine station in the world.

AN incendiary fire destroyed the freight sheds of the West India & Pacific Steamship company in New Orleans, the loss being $120,000.

A MONUMENT to Gen. Grant will be erected in Golden Gate park in San Francisco.

SHIPMENTS of ore from the Lake Superior iron ranges during the year will aggregate 7,150,000 tons.

THE Masonic building, the Indiana medical college and the block occupied by the Natural Gas company at Indianapolis were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $200,000.

THE power house of the Willamette (Ore.) Steam Mills and Lumbering company were burned, the loss reaching $150,000.

NINETY-THREE colored converts, forty men and fifty-three women, were baptized in the waters of the Ohio river at Owensboro, Ky.

THIRTY-FOUR families, comprising 125 persons, left Pullman, Ill., for Hiawatha, Kan., where they will engage in cooperative car building.

DAMAGE of $150,000 was caused by a blaze in the establishment of Goldberg, Bowen & Liebenbaum at San Francisco.

DURING a circus parade at Terrell, Tex., an awning collapsed and four persons were fatally and 100 seriously injured.

THE post office department issued orders declaring the Artisans' Savings and Loan association of Pittsburgh, Pa.; the Omaha (Neb.) Cooperative Supply company, and the American Saving and Loan association of Chicago to be fraudulent concerns and not entitled to use of the mails.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

GILCHRIST PORTER, ex-member of congress, died at his home in Hannibal, Mo., of heart disease, aged 77 years.

OWING to a mistake in the hall Dennis Winters, a Hill orator, delivered a democratic speech to republicans in New York.

AMOS T. ROOT, of Whitewater, Wis., is dead. He was 102 years of age and a pensioner for services in the war of 1812.

HIRAM G. SMITH, an ex-congressman, died suddenly at his home in Des Moines, Ia.

PHILIP AUGUSTUS HOYNE, for forty years United States commissioner for the northern district of Illinois, died at his home in Chicago, aged 70 years.

FOREIGN.

THE Union line steamer Wairaipa, bound from Sydney to Auckland, N. Z., was wrecked on Great Barrier island, off the northeast coast of New Zealand, and 112 of the passengers and twenty-three of the crew were drowned.

FLOODS destroyed the best crops around Dunkirk, France, and did enormous damage to other farm crops. Courtrai and Monserou were partly under water.

ALEXANDER III., emperor of Russia, died at Livadia. He was 49 years of age and had been emperor fourteen years.

ENRAGED because Dr. Zacharin did not save the czar's life, residents of Moscow wrecked the doctor's house.

ADVICES from Honduras report the discovery of the remains of an ancient Toltec city in the center of a mahogany swamp near Rio Grande. They comprise hundreds of large, well-built stone dwellings and three temples.

ADVICES from Vancouver Island state that four persons out of a settlement of six at Shoshartie bay were killed in a landslide.

TWO STRONG earthquake shocks were felt in the City of Mexico and vicinity. Many horses were thrown down in the streets, which were crowded with hundreds of praying and confessing people.

ADVICES from Yokohama state that the Japanese had captured Port Arthur, one of the Chinese strongholds.

CZAR NICHOLAS II. issued a manifesto announcing his accession to the throne of Russia.

EXTENSIVE trials made in Europe have proved that the bicycle would not be an effective adjunct in war times.

A NEW Spanish cabinet, with Senor Sagasta at its head, was organized and accepted by the queen regent.

IN a collision between the troops and rebels at Valencia, Venezuela, six soldiers and twenty insurgents were killed and many wounded.

EUGENE OUDIN, one of the most popular singers on the light opera stage, died in London after a brief illness.

SIXTEEN persons were known to have been killed in the earthquakes in Mexico, while the damage to property in the City of Mexico alone was $250,000.

JOHN WALTER, principal owner of the London Times, died at the age of 76 years.

IN an encounter with the Waziris on the Punjab frontier the British lost forty-five men, while 250 of the tribesmen were killed.

LATER.

AT Evergreen, Mo., Mrs. James Donnelly died the 5th and her three sisters and father, Joseph De Little, are not expected to live from the effects of drinking poisoned water. The roof of their house had been painted with white lead.

THE president the 5th appointed Frederick Fitzgerald, of Connecticut, as United States consul at Cognac, France.

THE saw mill of Rummels & Co., at Duff, Ind., blew up the 5th. Mr. Rummels was killed and several employes badly hurt.

FIRE was discovered in the hold of the cotton steamer Skidby, at Savannah, Ga., the evening of the 5th. A few moments later fire was found in the steamer Baltimore City, about a mile from the Skidby. Within an hour fire broke out in the steamers Castlegorth, Stag, Delagorth and Petunia. The origin of the fires are a mystery.

EMERY COULSON, the night watchman at Hammond's packing house, Omaha, Neb., confessed the 5th to having started the fire that narrowly escaped destroying the immense plant valued at $2,000,000. His motive, he declared, was that he hoped to secure credit in pretending to discover the flames and thus preventing a disastrous fire.

THE horrible murder of a boy, aged 7, and his sister, aged 5, the children of Samuel Good, a prosperous farmer living about two miles from Paulding, O., is reported. The children did not return at dark and searching parties started out. The little bodies were found in a brush heap at daylight. The boy's throat was cut from ear to ear, the girl was decapitated, and disemboweled, the weapon being an axe.

A DISPATCH from Shanghai says China is disposed to negotiate peace with Japan on the basis of independence of Corea and the payment of indemnity, the amount to be fixed by the powers. The dispatch adds that it is reported that China invited the representatives of the powers to intervene to secure peace.

THE first installment of workingmen of the Pullman corporation company reached Hiawatha, Kas., the 5th. Thirty-five families and 115 people were in the party. Fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed by citizens of Hiawatha to start the enterprise, and ground for the shops will be broken at once.

MILTON HARSON, colored, living near Warren, Ark., was shot and instantly killed by his 15-year-old boy while in bed asleep.

ALEXANDER III. IS DEAD.

Czar of All the Russias Passes Away at Livadia.

Nicholas II. Is Now Emperor—How the News Was Received in Various Places—Sketch of the Life of the Late Ruler.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 3.—Emperor Alexander III., czar of all the Russias, died at Livadia at 2:15 o'clock Thursday afternoon. A few hours later the thunderous booming of cannon at Livadia and St. Petersburg announced

ALEXANDER III.

that the czar was dead, and that he who had been the Grand Duke Nicholas reigned in his stead.

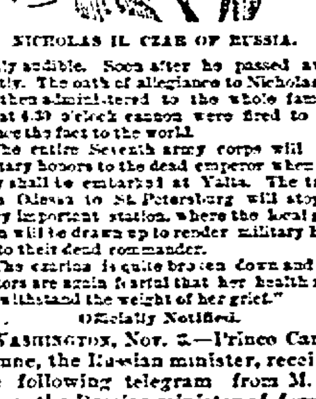
The Last Scene.

The Daily News correspondent at Yalta, who throughout the czar's sojourn there has obtained the most trustworthy and interesting information, has sent this dispatch:

"The czar died at 2:15 o'clock Thursday afternoon. He was fully conscious. When he felt that his last hour was approaching he asked for extreme unction. This was administered by Father Ivan, who afterward conversed with the dying man for some time. The czar next asked that his family should gather around him. He spoke with each member separately, but at the greatest length with the czarina. He then gave all his blessing.

Allegiance to Nicholas II.

"Finally he bade all farewell. Little by little he grew weaker. His voice at last became



NICHOLAS II. CZAR OF RUSSIA.

hardly audible. Soon after he passed away quietly. The oath of allegiance to Nicholas II. was then administered to the whole family, and at 4:30 o'clock cannon were fired to announce the fact to the world.

"The entire Seventh army corps will pay military honors to the dead emperor when the body shall be embarked at Yalta. The train from Odessa to St. Petersburg will stop at every important station, where the local garrison will be drawn up to render military honors to their dead commander.

"The czarina is quite broken down and the doctors are again fearful that her health may not withstand the weight of her grief."

Officially Notified.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—Prince Cantecarzune, the Russian minister, received the following telegram from M. De Giers, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, Thursday afternoon:

"ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 1.—It has pleased our Lord to recall to Him our much beloved sovereign. Alexander III. died at Livadia this afternoon, the 20th October (1st November), at 2:15."

Prince Cantecarzune formally forwarded a copy of the telegram to the department of state.

Upon receipt of the official notification of the czar's death Mr. Adee, second assistant secretary of state, acting secretary during the illness of Secretary Gresham, called upon Prince Cantecarzune and conveyed verbally to him the condolence of the president and secretary of state. A formal letter of condolence from Secretary Gresham will later be sent to him.

Victoria Deeply Moved.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—News of the czar's death reached Balmoral castle at 7 p. m. Thursday. The queen was not surprised as she had been informed of every phase of the czar's illness, nevertheless she was deeply moved when she learned that the end had come. She sent a long telegram to the czarina, and issued to the court officials the usual instructions as to mourning.

The News in Paris.

PARIS, Nov. 3.—The first news of the czar's death came to Paris in an official dispatch to the foreign office. It was simply that the czar was dead, and was conscious to the last. The dispatch was shown at once to President Casimir-Perier. He read it, laid it down, and after a long silence said: "He was France's strong and loyal friend."

William Hurrahs for the New Czar.

BERLIN, Nov. 3.—At a banquet Thursday night Emperor William announced that he had received news of far-reaching gravity, the death of the czar. "He was mindful of our traditions," he added, "which in times bound us into brotherhood to the Russian imperial household and in recent times again brought us together. With our sympathy for the new emperor we couple the desire that Heaven may give him strength for his difficult office. Long live Emperor Nicholas II. Hurrah!" The band then played the Russian anthem.

In Denmark.

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 3.—Expressions of deep sorrow have come from all classes since the announcement of the czar's death. A memorial service will be held this morning in the Russian church. All members of the royal family will be present.

The Dead Monarch.

Alexander III., emperor of Russia, was the second son of Alexander II. He was born March 10, 1845. The death of his older brother Nicholas left him czarowitz, or heir apparent to the throne. In 1866 he married the Danish Princess Dagmar, sister of the princess of Wales. Their first child, Nicholas Alexandrovitch, who will be the next czar, was born May 18, 1868. When the nihilists killed Alexander II. in 1881 the Russian monarchy was so severely shaken that no attempt was made to celebrate the coronation of the new emperor. In 1883, however, Alexander III. was crowned at Moscow with ceremonies, the splendor of which will never be forgotten.

Frequent attempts were made on Alexander's life, the most serious being that of April, 1887, when he was fired at by an army officer at Gatschina. Although the pistol was discharged at close quarters, the czar escaped uninjured. The would-be assassin was arrested, and his examination led to the discovery of a plot implicating over 800 persons. A little later a military plot to kill Alexander was discovered in the Caucasus, and as a result over 100 army officers were arrested. The chief conspirator proved to be a staff officer who had served more than thirty-five years and whose breast was covered with decorations. The last years of the czar's life were a real burden. Frequently he awoke in the morning and found daggers or pistols lying on his pillow. Once a skull and crossbones were drawn in chalk on the headboard of his bed. Although his entire entourage was changed several times these ghastly warnings never failed to appear. The strain finally proved too great, and after a severe trial of thirteen years the czar's nervous system succumbed to the secret intimidations of his enemies.

Politically the czar was reactionary. He believed in the principles of autocracy, and early in life joined the Pan-Slavist party, whose motto is "Russia for Russians." He antagonized Germany and formed an alliance with France. The darkest blot in his history was his persecution of the Jews, thousands of whom were deprived of their property and forced to emigrate.

MAJ.-GEN. OLIVER OTIS HOWARD, U. S. A.

The famous one-armed military leader will retire from active service during the month of November. He was born in Leeds, Me., Nov 8 1830, graduated from West Point academy July 1, 1854; served through the Seminole Indian revolt in Florida, 1856-57, and distinguished himself for bravery from the beginning to the end of the civil war. Later he conducted several successful campaigns against the Indians in the west. In 1886 he was placed in charge of the military division of the Atlantic, with headquarters at Governor's Island, N. Y. Gen Howard has always been an active worker in religious and temperance fields. His success as an author has also been remarkable. Three colleges have conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

HOWARD RELEASED.

Secretary Carlisle Decides Not to Deport Mr. Morton's Coachman.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—John James Howard, under coachman for Levi P. Morton, was released from Ellis island Saturday, after having been detained for about three weeks as a subject for deportation under the alien contract labor law. The order for his release came from Secretary Carlisle, through Superintendent of Immigration Stump, the secretary having decided that Howard could not be deported under the law.

Adjudged Guilty.

ATLANTIC, Ia., Nov. 5.—J. C. Yetzer, president of the Cass county bank, which failed December 27 last, has been found guilty of fraudulent banking. He owed the bank $106,000 and turned in $54,000 in real estate.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The value of gold depends on weight, not polish.—Ram's Horn.

—Much charity that begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors.—Texas Siftings.

—Politics are full of uncertainties. To-day a man is on the stump and next week he may be all up a tree.—Boston Transcript.

—A naturalist tells us that a snipe has a nerve running clear down to the end of his bill. So has the plumber. How wonderful are nature's works!—Minneapolis Times.

—Everett Wrest—Lady, if you would like to have some wood sawed——. Mrs. Potts—We burn gas. Everett Wrest—Then perhaps you will let me turn on the gas for breakfast.

—"And you wish to be treated?" said the dentist. "No, begorrah," replied Mr. Dolan; "you sthop the hurrut in this toot', and Oi'll trate to anythin' yez want."—Washington Star.

—"It is proper for a man to wait until the lady sits down before seating himself," says the Manayunk philosopher; "that is, if there is more than one chair in the room."—Philadelphia Record.

—Hicks—Isn't there some mistake here, Scribb? Scribb—How? Hicks—Somebody's sent me a free pass to go and see your play. Scribb—That's all right. What's wrong about it? Hicks—I understood people were paid for going.—Harper's Bazar.

—Man was born to be rich, or grows rich by the use of his faculties, by the union of thought with nature. Property is an intellectual production. The game requires coolness, right reasoning, promptness and patience in the players. Cultivated labor drives out brute labor.—Emerson.

—The crown prince of Germany, aged twelve, upon hearing his teacher say that "all mankind are sinners," inquired if this applied to the high as well as to the humble. Being told that such was the case, he answered, "Well, my father may be a sinner; but my mother isn't."—N. Y. Independent.

—I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who had so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent.—Thomas Paine, 1776.

—"The password is 'Saxe.' Now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel, just after the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was marshal. "Sacks? Faith, and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post. Pat was as wise as an owl, and in a sort of whispered yell replied, "Bags, yer honor!"—Advance.

Use of Dulcin.

Recent experiments with dulcin, a new sweet, indicate that more than ordinary care must be exercised in its use. Dogs upon which experiments have been made die from blood destruction, and seem quite sensitive to the effects of the drug. Cats die from paralysis of the brain, as do frogs. Rabbits appear to be entirely unaffected by dulcin. As a medicine or an article of food it is of course, taken in exceedingly small quantities. It is highly spoken of as sweetening for food for those who desire to reduce flesh, also for diabetic sufferers.—N. Y. Ledger.

"WELL, Johnnie, I hear you go to school now. What part of it do you like best?" "Comin' home."—Harper's Bazar.

THERE is only one way to live without work, and that is to prey without ceasing.—Galveston News.

Hood's Is the Best

Fall Medicine, because it purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, and therefore gives strength to resist bad effects from Colds, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Pneumonia, Malaria, the Grip, etc. Take it now and avoid the danger of serious illness. It may save you many dollars in doctors' bills. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent medicine. I have taken four bottles and I am better than I have been for two years past. I was all run down, my limbs swelled and my blood was in a very bad condition. Now I am free from neuralgia and better in every way." MRS. H. CORLISON, Hume, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
·LADIES·
$3.$2.50 $2.$1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
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You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

PASSED OFF THE STAGE.

They say that I've "passed off the stage." Ah, well, it may be true.
I'm not as strong as when I stood six feet at thirty-two.
I know I'm getting bent and old, my hair is silver gray:
But oh, it's hard to hear it said: "The old man's had his day."

It was not very long ago—it scarcely seems a year—
When I was strong as a yearling colt and fleeter than a deer;
My arms were like the sinewy roots that thrust out from the oak,
And I was straight as the towering pine that tempts the woodman's stroke.

There wasn't one in all the town (how sad the contrast now!)
Could mow a steadier stroke than I, or drive a straighter plow.
And even when my hair turned gray no whit my strength declined.
I used to rove the boys afield and leave them all behind.

But now they bring the cushioned chair and set it in the sun,
And fetch me out my pipe and pouch, as soon as breakfast's done.
And I sit an hour or two—the day'll be long and hot;
And then they go and leave me there, unheeded and forgot.

Sometimes I take my staff and creep along the orchard wall,
But weary, sit me down to rest where grateful shadows fall.
Far off the meadows swim with heat; fresh smells the new-mown hay;
But I can go no more afield, for I have "had my day."

Oh, Golly! it is a weary thing to live an outworn life,
To have no further lot or part in manly toil and strife;
To know that all one's active days have passed forever by,
And all that now remains to do is just to rest and—die.

I don't know why I dread it so—this "passing off the stage;"
Some folks think life is mighty hard, and long for smooth old age;
But I had rather strive and toil till all my bones are sore,
Than to be sitting useless here before the farmhouse door.

Ah, well! it's little use to cry because the milk is spilt;
It's little use to swing the sword with naught left but the hilt;
I've done my duty while I could, and now, if needs must be,
What I have done for others' sake let others do for me.

It is the rule of life, I know—an honest turn about.
We help our babies into life, and then—they help us out.
Their turn must come, too, soon enough; like rolling wave on wave,
The generations pour their tide into the common grave.

One day a babe, the next a man, the next—unnamed, unknown.
Save for a moss-incrusted line upon a moldering stone.
Our lives are swifter than a tale upon a fluttering page—
We have just time to learn the play, and then pass off the stage.

—James Buchan, in N. Y. Ledger.

A MODEL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

MISS CLAXTON, with a far-away look in her deep eyes, sat in her boudoir buried in thought and pillows. Theosophy, Buddhism, occultism were light and airy subjects compared to the problem with which her whole being struggled. She was planning a design for a wedding gown.

Not that her wedding day was settled. No. Constance Claxton was not as yet even engaged, but with unerring feminine instinct she well knew that at a moment's notice she could name her future husband and the day. It was simply a matter of encouragement on her part.

Among her numerous unrejected suitors was a diffident but persistent wooer, Mr. Monroe Mooreland, an artist. Not so young as some of the other aspirants, but, perhaps, for that reason a more formidable rival, and what was of no small importance to Constance's practical mind, he was almost the only man on her list who had made a favorable impression on her maiden aunt, and this relative was the gilded power behind the throne.

Miss Dorothy Dummer, the aunt in question, was in the habit of leaving her native haunts in the quiet and picturesque village of Skowhegan, Me., every winter and spending some three months in the whirl of New York society, at the same time looking after some of the city property which she possessed. As the time for the annual visit was approaching, Constance decided to have things culminate so as to announce her engagement as soon as her aunt arrived.

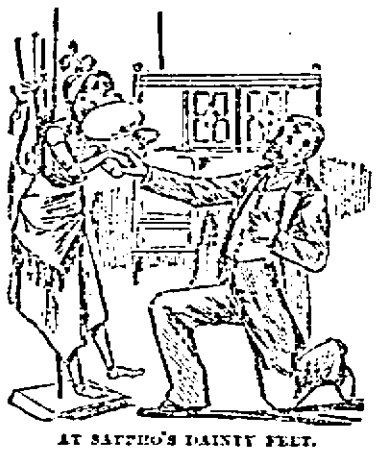
CHAPTER II.

Monroe Mooreland, with an expression of intense nervousness about his sensitive mouth, was on his knees at the feet of his model. It was two years now since they came from Paris together, and since that time they had been inseparable.

The influence of this model could be discerned in all his work. Though she was faultless in proportion, her figure lacked elasticity and grace; her features, though as regular as the ancient Greeks, were immovable and almost without expression; but her endurance in posing was inexhaustible, and her patience seemed superhuman. Hour after hour and day after day she could be depended upon to hold the same position without a murmur, and to an artist in this country, where reliable models are so scarce, this was no slight consideration.

At this moment her willing, but rather hard, unsympathetic hand was laid in Monroe's fervid palm. There was an awkward pause, awkward at least to Monroe, who seemed a trifle confused and embarrassed, but Sappho, the model, betrayed not the slightest discomposure. With her fan against her cold cheek she patiently waited. Finally, after several stammering attempts at an eloquent declaration of eternal love, after halting, faltering and stuttering, he suddenly arose from his knees in disgust with himself, seized pen and paper, and proceeded to arrange his speech in writing.

After the customary interruptions from brush peddlers, photograph agents and city directory men, the declaration was finally composed, line penciled and edited to his satisfaction; then, throwing himself with studied impulsiveness at Sappho's dainty feet, he grasped her patient palm, and placing his notes on the floor, where he could refresh his memory when necessary, he poured forth an outburst of eloquence expressive of undying love, and, pressing Sappho's hand to his lips, pulled a sparkling ring from his pocket and forced it on her taper finger, at the same time throwing his right arm



AT SAPPHO'S DAINTY FEET.

around her symmetrical waist and raising himself to press a fervid kiss, when—

Rap-tap-tap! sounded on the brass knocker.

In his excitement he never knew how it all happened; but Sappho seemed to fall upon him, one of her ingeniously jointed arms twined itself around his neck, while her rich mass of Titian hair swept over his shoulder, and, before he could free himself, the studio door swung open.

Turning his head his eyes looked upon the amazed features of Miss Constance Claxton's wealthy aunt. For a second, which seemed like an hour, there was a dead silence, during which he felt as if the lay figure clutched him like a nightmare. A thrill of life seemed to have touched the wooden form, her warm breath seemed to fan his embarrassed cheek.

With an exclamation of horror Miss Dummer backed out of the door.

"The infamous wretch! This is no place for us!" he heard her say, and among the remarks which followed he recognized Constance's voice, in a tone of remonstrance.

With a mighty effort he hurled the figure from him and rushed wildly into the corridor. His visitors had disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

Before Mooreland could decide what course to pursue, other callers came; but as soon as an opportunity occurred he began letter after letter to Constance. Each one was torn up, however, and he impatiently waited till evening. Then he hurried to her home; but his ring was answered by a stony stare from the usually urbane butler, who informed him that Miss Claxton and Miss Dummer were "not at home." Unluckily, during the moment the door was open, he saw that the drawing-rooms were brilliantly lighted, and Constance was seated at the piano.

For an hour he wandered aimlessly up the avenue; then rushing into a messenger office he wrote the facts, though the explanation looked so ludicrous when put in black and white that it almost made him smile. In his nervousness he misdirected the envelope; unaware of this error, he hurried to his studio to wait for an answer.

The darkness of his studio was lessened by a ray of light from the opposite building, which struck a glittering object in a corner of the room. Before turning on the gas his curiosity led him to investigate the cause of the brilliant gleam, and with a shudder he discovered it was a diamond engagement ring still on the wooden finger of the lay figure. His first impulse was to wrest it off; but his efforts were in vain. He then turned on the light and worked long and patiently; but the ring could not be made to move.

A horrible feeling came over him that the finger of the model grew warm and soft in his grasp; he even imagined he felt the jointed fingers press his own fevered palm. Realizing that greater effort would break the delicate gold band, he threw himself wearied and nervous, on the couch, and dropped into a restless slumber, starting at every sound, with the vague idea that a messenger boy had brought an answer from Miss Constance. But, alas! it never came.

CHAPTER IV.

Two weeks after the episode in the studio Miss Dorothy Drummer and her niece were in Paris. The aunt, who never did anything by halves, had determined to take Constance entirely away from the pollated atmosphere of Mr. Mooreland; and having plenty of money and good health, notwithstanding an unmentionable number of years of New England life and pie, Miss Dummer thought this was a favorable occasion to see something of the world over the water.

On the steamer, among the few acquaintances they made, was a no longer young but very pleasing German baron. In order to distract Constance and take her mind as much as possible from her late "affair," Miss Dummer gave a warm welcome to this charming traveling companion, and the baron was constantly in their company. In Paris, his knowledge of the city made him invaluable, and his attention to the two ladies became very marked.

Though Miss Dummer had, in the course of her well-preserved years, received many chances to "worse" her condition, she had never before met a man with the baron's charm of manner and numerous attractive traits. It was wonderful how her stern New England features relaxed and softened under a Paris bonnet; and she herself was astonished at her own reflection in the mirror when arrayed in a Worth costume. We all develop under approval and admiration, and the baron surrounded her with a dense atmosphere of both.

But Miss Constance was not neglected; and it required great penetration to decide to which the baron was the more attentive. To give the baron full credit, he had not, as yet, received an answer to his anxious inquiries at Bradstreet's regarding the property of the two ladies.

Suddenly, business complications made it necessary for Miss Dummer to return to New York. Expecting to be away but a short time, she left her niece with friends in Paris.

CHAPTER V.

One morning, as Mr. Mooreland was passing down Broadway, he found himself face to face with Miss Constance Claxton's aunt. Yes, notwithstanding the charming bonnet and the stunning Worth costume, she was still recognizable.

Perhaps her sojourn in Paris had made her more liberal in her ideas; anyway, she accorded the artist a pleasant recognition, and he seized this, his first opportunity, and gave the inside history of the studio episode. They even went to the studio together, and Sappho and Mooreland repeated situation which had caused all the the trouble.

Miss Dummer's remorse at her mistake was unbounded, and her apologies profuse. Before leaving the studio she began a long letter explaining everything to her niece; but so many plans were proposed and discussed that the letter was never finished. At one moment Mooreland proposed to return with Miss Dummer to Paris and give Constance a surprise; and again, the aunt thought of cabling for her niece.

Mooreland found Miss Dummer's sympathy most pleasant, and in order to enjoy more of her company he persuaded her to pose for one of his paintings; so she arrayed herself in one of her new Parisian gowns, and its big, black bulging sleeves, and long, simple, silken train met the approval of the painter.

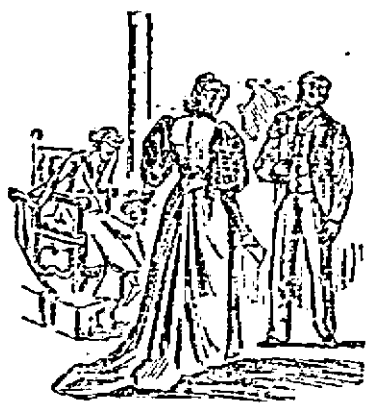
Her foreign trip had mellowed her New England ideas, and rendered her more capable of enjoying an artistic atelier and its surrounding atmosphere, and she found it very restful, after tiresome talks with her lawyer, to sink into a big chair in the calm and quiet of Mr. Mooreland's studio.

At first, naturally, the conversation was all of Constance, excepting when Miss Dummer gave dissertations on the attractive and charming characteristics of the baron. Of course, she missed the baron's light and airy compliments about her peachy cheek and liquid orbs; but it was Mr. Mooreland who first made her realize that her honest New England hand was as beautiful as a Grecian statue's.

Thus time flew by on painted wings.

Finally, realizing that business would require her presence in New York for some time, she decided to write for Constance to return. The letter was written in the studio during her "rests."

"There!" she exclaimed, as she waved the pages of wet ink in the air—having learned better than to look for a blotter in a studio. "There!



"WONT YOU SEE IF THAT RING FITS YOUR FINGER?"

We will have Constance with us in a week."

A crash followed her remark. Sappho had fallen full length upon the hardwood floor.

As Mooreland and Miss Dummer assisted her to a chair again, the obstinate engagement ring, which no effort had been able to remove from the wooden finger, suddenly slipped into Miss Dummer's hand; but at this moment a messenger, who had entered during the excitement, presented a cablegram for Miss Dummer. It read:

"Dear Aunt: The baron and I were married this morning. Letter by mail.

"CONSTANCE."

A profound silence fell on the studio. It was Mooreland's voice that broke the stillness.

"Miss Dummer—Dorothy—" he faltered, "won't you see if that ring fits your finger?"

It fitted.

The next letter to Constance from her aunt simply contained cards, on one of which was printed:

Married,
Miss Dorothy Dummer
to
Mr. Monroe Mooreland.
New York, December 6, 1893.

—Demorest's Magazine.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

A SLICK SIMPLETON.

Such Was Simple Slippery Slips, a Sorry Soldier.

Early in our late civil war there was in the eastern army a man, or an individual, whom we called Slippery Slips—Private Slippery Slips, high private in the rear rank, a quinine skirmisher, a great friend of the surgeon and the sutler. Well, Slippery was a tall, lank, lean, lop-sided, stoop-shouldered, long-legged, big-footed (he often put his foot down and very often into it), sharp-nosed (always nosing into everything), long-eared, toothless, keen-sighted, short-haired, awkward gawk, but no fool by a great sight. He was just the kind of a man that would make a good isthmus if he were stretched across somewhere. Well, this eccentric phenomenon enlisted out of a sense of duty mingled with a sense of patriotism, as well as a sense of shame at the thought of being lounging around home with the women, when all other able-bodied men were in the field, defending their homes, firesides and liberty. He was hardly ever known to be without his hands in his pockets—pants pockets—unless he could not possibly, for the time being, spare them to put there. His father never could break him of the habit, though he had tried a thousand times and ways. Well, when out on drill (before they received their guns), Slippery would slip his hands,

"TAKE YOUR BIG FISTS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS."

one or both, owing to whether he could spare both or not, into his pockets, and the captain would call out to him in a stentorian voice: "Take your hands out of your blasted pockets, you awkward gawk, you!" Slippery, jumping like he had been shot at and missed, would slip them out like an obedient servant, and all would go well and according to tactics for awhile—till Slippery would forget himself again, and in would go his hands again. "Hands out of pockets!" the captain would command, much louder than ever, and Slippery would slip them out, though rather precipitately, but without any feelings of animosity or animadversion toward the captain.

At last the captain could stand it no longer, and he addressed a few brief remarks, though they were lucid, to Slippery, as follows: "If you don't keep your hands out of your pockets while on drill, without having to be made to do so, why, I'll make you."

"Well, look here, Cap," said Slippery, comprehending the crisis fully, "if you only will break me of the habit, or can, I'll forever and forever, amen, be under everlasting and everlasting obligations to you, and so will dad, for he's been trying to break me of it from time immemorial, and I don't know how much longer—I guess from everlasting—and he don't seem to have made much headway; leastwise, I don't see much improvement or much abatement of the symptoms, as the doctors say. The habit's chronic, captain, and the doctors all say that anything chronic is hard to break up; leastwise I find it pretty middling, tolerably hard like to break this here up. I—"

"Hold on, you endless chain pump gobbler you," said the captain. "Will you talk forever, if not halted?"

"Well, I reckon mighty near it; I always was—"

"Stop, I tell you," cried the captain, "and there, again, take your big fists out of your pockets!"

"Well, I will, I will, Cap. I don't do it out of any cussedness; I only will be tarnally forgetting it. They go in themselves, unawares like, like by automatic power. Confound that fist, what will I do with it. I reckon I'll have to—"

"Stop!" cried the captain, louder than ever. "You go and report to Surgeon Bildad for treatment for St. Vitus' dance, or the seven years' itch, or—"

"Make it even times seven, Cap, and you'll be more like it," said Slippery.

"Hold your tongue!" cried the captain.

"I can't spare my hands from my pockets long enough, Cap," said Slippery.

"Leave the ranks!" cried the captain, "and put your hands into your pockets."

"I'll put them in, Cap, both of them, you bet."

"And go to the doctor—or sutler—I don't care which," said the captain.

"Shall I take seven years' rations with me, Cap?" asked Slippery.

"Yes, go on; and take seven times seven years' rations, for you'll need them," said the captain.

"I reckon I will," said Slippery, "but it'll begin to be a little old and musty like, I reckon, by the time it's all out!"

Slippery in due time reported at Surgeon Bildad's office and saluted the surgeon as well as he knew how, and as well as it was possible for him to execute a military salute, which was not in the most graceful manner, because it was not exactly in his line. He managed by special effort to keep his hands out of his pockets long enough for that purpose on this occasion. He saluted him simply because it was military to do so; not because he felt himself to be a stranger to anyone, not even the sutler or cook. Slippery said: "Surgeon Bildad, I am directed by the captain to report to you for treatment for St. Vitus dance, or the seven years' itch, or something else, just whatever you deem it proper to diagnose it, I reckon. You see, I have a habit of putting my hands in my pants pocket—a chronic habit—just as you see them now, confound it, but I didn't know they were there, till I spoke, and Cap don't like it much. You see it breaks in upon his military manners; he says it has become too monotonous, though I don't see that monotony has much to do with sight; but he says that it is not military. He told me to bring forty-nine years' rations, but I reckon that ain't necessary, for I reckon I'll be entitled to hospital rations and delicacies, won't I, while I am a patient?"

Surgeon Bildad, with a broad smile, which, by the way, broke and ran into a broad laugh before he could speak—for Slippery had again adjusted his hands to fit his pockets by that time—said, as soon as he could cast aside sufficient levity to enable him to speak: "How is your appetite? What was your occupation before coming here? Let me see your tongue. How are you on hereditary predispositions? Does your esophagus need irrigating? How are your corns? Can you usually walk the top rail, or rider, as it is called, of a worm fence, with agility and a steady gait? Does anything hurt you bad? Do you have to scratch much? Do your hands keep their places when you are asleep?" and various other questions, but of much less importance than the foregoing, and after taking in the situation, he told the patient to be seated for a few moments until he could think the matter over and write out a prescription. That suited Slippery pretty well, for he had been seated in the surgeon's office before many times engaged in social chat with the doctor and others. Slippery was so quaint and original in his conversation that Surgeon Bildad, and, indeed all the other officers and men, and the sutler, too, were always glad to lay aside rank and file and associate with him when off duty.

The result of the surgeon's deliberations was the following prescription, which he told Slippery to take to the hospital steward, and have him compound it:

RX.—Sew-um pocket pants up um No. 1.

Make um pocket coat tail um No. 1.

M. S.—Use as directed. BILDAD.

The directions given to Slippery by the surgeon were to put his pocket knife, his fine-tooth comb, his marbles, etc., in the coat-tail pockets, and try to keep his hands in his pants pockets.

Well, the prescription worked admirably; but for awhile it made Slippery look more ludicrous than ever, for his hands would slide down over his sides like mud turtles slipping off a bank into a puddle. In time Slippery gained some control over his hands, but he was often puzzled to know what to do with them, or where to put or keep them.—American Tribune.

VALUE OF A SPY IN BATTLE.

Exploit of a Soldier Who Gained Important Information at Gettysburg.

At the recent reunion of the First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Maine regimental associations, Dr. H. N. Howard, who was assistant surgeon of the Tenth Maine infantry, related the following incident:

On the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, the Twelfth corps was on the right of the union line. The First division (Gen. Williams) occupied the extreme right at the foot of Culp's hill, where slight earthworks had been thrown up. In the afternoon the enemy appeared to be massing on our left. Gen. Meade ordered the First division of the Twelfth corps over to the support of the left. This left the Tenth Maine occupying the extreme right of the union lines alone.

"The enemy doubtless discovered the movement, as, after dark, it was found that they were moving by the left flank down the ravine back of Culp's hill. When they reached our extreme left there would only intervene the Tenth Maine battalion, composed of three small companies, between the foes and the entire ordnance train of the army of Potomac. This was reported to Gen. Slocum. He lost no time in informing Gen. Meade, who ordered a trusty scout to be sent out at once to ascertain the facts. Capt. Beardsley called for a volunteer for the desperate service, the night being black as ink. The risk was great—the man was forthcoming. Henry Kallock threw off his chevrons, and in the blouse of a private soldier announced himself ready. Kallock was first sergeant of Company D, as brave as he was daring and efficient. With dread as to the result, Capt. Beardsley sent him out into the darkness. At midnight the brave sergeant returned and reported that he had penetrated the lines of the enemy, who were then occupying the works but a few hours before vacated by Gen. Williams' division.

"This was at once reported to Gen. Meade, who ordered Gen. Williams to return. Under cover of the darkness the movement was noiselessly accomplished. They approached so near as to hear the whispered voices of the enemy within the intrenchments, and there remained until the first light of dawn discovered to the enemy the immediate vicinity of the union forces. Then was initiated the bloody assault upon Culp's hill, where, in indiscriminate heaps, lay the foes of either army. When the sun went down Old Glory waved in triumph over the little earthworks on the extreme right of our lines, announcing the first victory gained in the battle of Gettysburg. Sergt. Kallock was not forgotten, but after further proofs of his soldierly qualities was honored with promotion, and at the close of the war held the honorable position of captain."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

With the exception of Gen. Schofield and Gen. Howard, Brig. Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook, is the only officer in the regular army who commanded a corps during the war. The latter is the last of the "fighting McCooks," and won his stars on the battlefield.

ORCHID HUNTING.

Those Who Engage In It Have to Fight Armies of Vicious Ants.

On the fork of a tree a few feet above our heads is perched one of the largest orchids we have ever seen. A mass of aerial roots, bulbs and leaves, four feet through, is surmounted by a score of long, whip-like flower-stems standing up ten feet beyond the leaves and gracefully arching over. "Now, Adonis Christmas let us see you get that plant. Don't break it, or rub off the flowers against those bush-ropes. The negro takes his cutlass and begins chopping away at some of the vines which hang in front, and presently is clasping the tree on a level with the orchid. We see him tug once at the plant and then slide down the tree rubbing his hands and swearing loudly.

"What is the matter? Why don't you get the plant?" says the collector.

"Too much antses—bite too bad," replies he, with an injured look, as he rubs his shining black skin.

"Oh, but we must get it, and if the negroes are afraid I'm go up myself," cries our friend.

Up he climbs, and is down again much faster than the negro. Standing on the bank he quickly strips off his coats and picks the great black ants from his neck and hands, rubs the sore places, grumbling and sorely discomfited. Looking up, we see the plant almost black with insects, which had evidently put themselves in battle array, and were prepared to fight for their home among the roots of the orchid. Not yet vanquished, our collector cuts a long bamboo from a clump growing close by, and somewhat viciously commences to loosen the orchid from its perch by poking at it from below. But it is so interlaced with bush-ropes that nothing can be done without breaking the plant in pieces, which, of course, will spoil it as a fine specimen. Then the ants begin to swarm down the stick and presently a few bites on the hand makes our friend drop it into the stream.

Reluctantly we are at the last obliged to leave it alone and proceed onward, hoping for better luck with the next plant. Paddling along, we think of this wonderful contrivance of nature to protect the orchid from insects and even, as in our case, from human despoilers. We do not find orchid collecting so very easy, for the nests of the maribunta (the wasp of Guiana) often hang dangerously near to a coveted specimen and warn off intruders. Sometimes these are not seen until the little insects are buzzing about our ears, and then there is nothing left but to get off as soon as possible. A nest which hangs in front of a fine Brassia and effectually bars the way is blown to bits by the gun of our party; then were sure the plant and paddle on before the homeless ones find out what is the matter. Sometimes lizzards scamper away as a plant is grasped, and once a harmless snake glided across the hands of one of the negroes, making him cry out with fright. Another time a snake fell into the bateau and made us all get out of its way until we found it was neither the dreaded labaria nor rattler.—Cornhill Magazine.

HAD A TERRIBLE DREAM.

Mr. Blank's Awful Vision After a Shopping Tour With His Wife.

Mrs. Blank went shopping. Mr. Blank went with her. No one can explain just why he went, for she didn't positively compel it, and he is still regarded as sane. He went, anyhow. She wanted buttons. Those at Jenkins' store were too small, much too small. So she went to Kahn's and Poznanski's and the Merchants' Supply; then to Poznanski's and the Merchant's Supply and Kahn's. At Jenkins' again they showed her the same buttons and she found them too large! Blank guessed it a case of expansion caused by the heat; it seemed hot to him! She got almost to another place—not quite—for they saw her coming and locked up for the night! So she went home. That night Blank's hard breathing wore his tired wife, so she woke him, in turn.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

"I—I had a dreadful dream," he gasped; "I thought we were both dead, that you had gone to Heaven, and that I—I hadn't!"

"How perfectly awful," she cried, grasping him convulsively around the neck, "to be separated, and——"

"We—weren't separated," moaned Blank with a shudder. "I—I could have endured that! But no—no! I dreamed that you were to be allowed to go shopping forever, and that I was condemned to go with you!"—Chicago Herald.

HOUSEHOLD MACHINERY.

However Extensive It Becomes It Can't Displace the Servant of Small Things.

There is a prospect that, before we are much older, nearly all our housekeeping will be done by machinery. Not only by special machines for special purposes, but by great co-operative machinery for the whole housekeeping.

But the faithful housekeeper is quite sure that there is one servant who will never be supplanted—the servant of small things. The servant, paid or unpaid, who picks up the trifles everyone else drops, and puts away the articles everyone else forgets. The servant who carries up and down stairs odd cups and glasses and spoons; who finds overshoes and slates and school-books and hats; who gathers the scattered playthings and discovers the misplaced book or sewing; who makes ready the chair and the footstool for the coming occupant, and who takes up all the dropped stitches, moral and material, in the family life.

There may arise housekeeping machines, big and little, working with marvelous skill and accuracy. But until a method is discovered of putting a heart as well as hands into them, of giving them a soul as well as a body, it is certain that the sphere of the servant of small things can never be perfectly filled by such contrivances.—Harper's Bazar.

The Lewis Hardware Company.

A Feast in Store for all. Watch this Paper for date and don't Forget to Come.

ANTICIPATING FAME.

BESANT'S PATHETIC STORY OF "PAUL THE WANDERER."

The Quiet Dignity of a Man Who Was Living For Posterity—A Pretty Little Skit Written In the English Novelist's Inimitable Style.

I knew him for several years before his death. When I first made his acquaintance, he was already an old man. He was also, as was evident from the first, a very poor man. He went about shabbily dressed. He carried biscuits in his pocket to the reading room on which he lunched or took snacks at intervals during the day. Perhaps he had dinner afterward, but I always suspected his dinner to be an uncertain and a movable feast. It was understood that he was something in the literary way. I got to know him by sitting next to him day after day. We exchanged the amenities of the reading room, apologized for crowding each other with books, abused the talkers, remarked on the impudence of those who go to the room in order to flirt and so forth. When I got to know him better, I made little discoveries about him, as, for instance, that he liked a glass of beer in the middle of the day and that he could not afford the twopence. I may say, not boastfully, that I was able to offer him this little luxury. We used to go out together for the purpose. He was good enough to take an interest in my work. He proved to have a considerable knowledge of books and gave me considerable help in this way.

One Sunday I met him in the street. We stopped to speak. He lamented the closing of the museum on Sunday. For his own part, he said, he would have the reading room open every day in the week. Why close the avenues of knowledge? Why damn the fountains and springs of wisdom? So we walked and talked. He was perfectly dignified in his manner, though his great coat was so thin and shabby that one might be ashamed to be seen with him. He stopped presently at the door of a house in High street, Holborn.

"I lodge here," he said. "Will you come up stairs and see my hermitage?"

I remember that he called it grandly his hermitage. He led the way; the stairs were dark and dirty; he took me to the fifth, or fifty-fifth, floor. He lived in the back attic.

"This," he said, "is the cell of the recluse. I live here quite retired. There are other lodgers, I believe, but I do not know them. I live here with my library in simplicity. The air is wholesome at this height."

He threw open the window and sniffed the fragrance of the neighboring chimneys. The room was clean; the furniture was scanty; there was no fire in the grate; on a shelf were about 25 books—his library. The man looked perfectly contented with his hermitage. There were no papers on the table, nothing to show that he was a writer.

I do not know how he lived—certainly he did no work at the museum—but he never borrowed. In one corner stood a wooden chest. He lifted the lid and nodded and laughed.

"Aha!" he said, "now I am going to reveal a secret. You didn't know, nobody at the museum knows, the people in the house don't know, that I am—what do you think?—a poet. It is 30 years since I paid for the publication of my collected poetical works. Yes, sir, and I am going not only to communicate this secret to your honor—in safe keeping—but to present you with a copy. There, my young friend!" He produced a thin volume. "I am Paul the Wanderer." In fact, the title page bore the legend, "Collected Poetical Work of Paul the Wanderer."

"Thirty years," he repeated. "There were 500 copies. The press received 50, the public bought four; there remained 446. I have now given you one. There now remain 445. I have bequeathed these to the public libraries of the nation. Sir, you are young. You will yourself perhaps publish your poems. Remember for your comfort that it takes 50 years, or two generations, for the noblest poets to take their proper place. Greatness—true, stable, solid greatness, not the empty applause given to an ephemeral favorite—requires 50 years at least. Go, sir! Take the book I have given you, and in after years, when I am gone, tell the world that you know—Paul the Wanderer!" I wrung his hand in silence and left him. More than 30 years have passed since he published that work. No one has yet spoken to me of Paul the Wanderer. But I now understood his dignity, his self respect and his content. He was anticipating and enjoying his future fame. He was living for posterity. Present poverty and neglect were nothing.—Walter Besant in London Queen.

Another Mammoth Statue.

The sculptor Nikolaus Geiger is putting the last touches to his statue of Barbarossa, which is to symbolize the ancient Kyffhauser monument, to be unveiled in 1896. The Barbarossa appears at the end of a vestibule in the style of an ancient castle, on the steps of the throne upon which he is sitting like the sleeping figures of the courtiers, with fabulous animals of the old mytaic world. Barbarossa is represented at the moment of waking from his long sleep. In his right hand is his sword; his left hand strokes his long waving beard. Contrary to all other figures of the old hero, he is here represented as an actual emperor, with the features of a noble man. The whole monument, hewed from the rock, will be about 80 feet high. The figure of the seated monarch is about 30 feet high.—London Sun.

The following is a list of the dates of founding of the oldest colleges in the United States: Harvard, 1636; William and Mary, 1692; Yale, 1700; Princeton, 1746; University of Pennsylvania, 1749; Columbia, 1754; Brown university, 1764; Dartmouth, 1769; Rutgers, 1770.

Unjust Discrimination.

Officer Phannygan—It's thin you're lookin, Mike.

Officer O'Morphy—'Tis the fault of the chief, he hanged to 'im.

Officer Phannygan—How's that?

Officer O'Morphy—Shure, an he put me on a beat with never a fruitstand on it, the discriminating Haggard!—Chicago Record.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring they rise up and meet you.

Empress Josephine owned the finest opal of modern times. It was called "The Burning of Troy." Its fate is unknown, as it disappeared when the allies entered Paris.

WEST VIRGINIA FOR PROTECTION.

Three Hundred Years Ago This Policy Was Born on Virginia Soil.

The question of protection for wool and manufactures thereof seems to have occupied the attention of the lawmakers in the American colonies in the very beginning of their history. As early as 1609 the colonists of Jamestown, Va., were provided with sheep, which did not increase very rapidly in consequence of their destruction by wolves, so that in 1618, 30 years after their first introduction, the number of sheep in the whole colony of Virginia was only 2,000. The first evidence of government protection for wool was in an enactment passed in 1657, setting forth that no sheep be transported out of the colony except upon such penalties as may be thought fit by the governor and the council, and in 1662 Virginia, by a statute, not only prohibited the exportation of wool, but offered a bounty as an encouragement to the raising of sheep and the establishment of woolen manufactories by offering five pounds of tobacco (at that time Virginia currency) for every yard of woolen cloth made in the colony.

Thus protection was born on Virginia soil. The principle of protection to American industries was again recognized in 1664, when, with a view to diversifying industries, the general assembly of Virginia, at the public expense, established in each county looms for weavers. In 1668 a law was passed for the purpose of better converting wool, flax and hemp into clothing. The commissioners of the county courts were given authority to build houses for the instruction of poor children in the art of spinning and weaving.

And to further promote these objects laws were enacted in 1692 imposing heavy penalties upon the exportation of wool, and for the encouragement of the working up of wool into cloth a bounty of six pounds of tobacco was provided for every person making a yard of woolen cloth, or linsey woolsey, three-fourths of a yard wide, and for every dozen pairs of men's or women's woolen or worsted hose a bounty of 12 pounds of tobacco was offered. The price of wool was fixed at 8 pence per pound for fleeces, washed before shearing. In 1697 Virginia passed an act for the encouragement of domestic manufactures, including those from wool, which was rejected by the king as hostile to English interests, for in her colonial policy England was always selfish and cruel—a sow that devoured her own litter.

FREE COAL AND TAXED SUGAR.

"The Consumer Pays the Tax," Say the Democrats, So We See What It Means.

In considering the effect of free coal and a tax upon sugar it must be remembered that, according to the Democratic theory, the consumer pays the tax.

Our imports of coal in 1892 were 1,261,817 tons, upon which was collected a duty of 75 cents per ton, or a total of $1,046,613 in a single year. This is the extent of the relief that would be accorded to the American people by free coal.

Our consumption of sugar last year was 4,047,000,000 pounds, which, at an average price of 2¾ cents per pound, would be worth $119,428,261. An ad valorem tariff of 40 per cent upon this amount would be $47,775,304. A differential duty of one-eighth cent upon 4,047,000,000 pounds would be $5,129,012, making a total breakfast table tax of $52,904,316.

Free coal would then, according to the Democratic theory of the consumer paying the tax, effect a saving to the people of $1,046,613, or 1¼ cents per capita, while taxed sugar would cost them $52,904,316, or 77 cents for every man, woman and child in the country. The direct loss by such Democratic legislation would have been 75¼ cents for every individual, a total additional burden of $52,180,703 a year.

Protection.

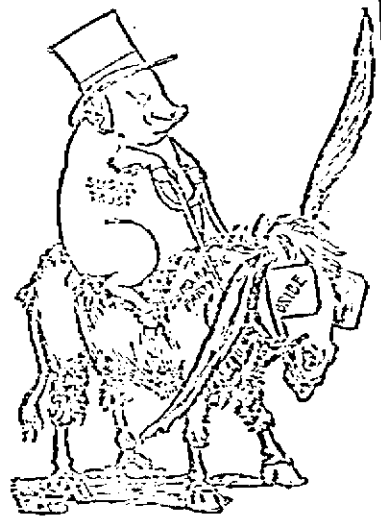
The English Demand Protection.

If we may trust the prescience of The Spectator, the English people will before long have to face a demand for a return to protectionism, a demand so formidable that for free traders its resistance will involve "a hard struggle," although their ultimate victory is certain. The circumstances upon which this forecast is founded are that among the great mass of the present generation of educated Englishmen there is no firm grasp of the principle of free trade; that they have received the accepted doctrine as an inheritance, have never convinced themselves of its soundness and are becoming skeptical as to the wisdom of retaining it as a practical guide to legislation. Even some of the newspapers read by intelligent people are giving voice to this skepticism, as is shown by the contemptuous manner in which they recently referred to the annual meeting of the Cobden club.—Manchester Guardian.

Oh, For a Dinner Pail!

There are a good many men who would like to pay the "robber tariff" on a dinner pail if they only had use for the pail. But this year those who are fortunate enough to have dinner have ample time to eat it at home.—Canton (O.) Repository.

Tariff Reform.



THE CIRCULATION OF WAGES.

Labor Is Punished to Reward Importers Who Paraded For Grover.

The burden of free trade is already upon us. How can we lighten it? The rush of importers to secure their foreign goods from the custom house at the lower rates of duty has told the story. Nearly $10,000,000 worth of foreign goods withdrawn for consumption in less than a week means the sale of nearly $10,000,000 worth less of American goods manufactured in American mills by American wage earners. It means that the distribution of more than $5,000,000 in American wages has been checked within five days.

If this curse continues, there can be but one result. The foreigners are determined to have and to hold our markets. Shall we surrender them? We do not desire—no true American desires—that American wage earners should be compelled to sell their labor in open competition with the cheaper labor of other countries. The workers in the cotton mills of New Bedford, in the flax mills of New York, in the potteries of Trenton, in the glass factories of the west, have entered their protest against a reduction of wages that has been forced upon them by Democracy.

What can be done to light n the burden? The manufacturers should not be expected to pay higher wages than their foreign competitors and to sell their goods at the same prices. It has been the decree of Democracy that American manufacturers and American wage earners must be punished in order to reward the New York city importers of foreign goods, who turned out with such dignified grandeur in their parade of 1892 to the honor and glory of Grover. It is the duty of all true and patriotic Americans to overthrow this foreign domination. Check the sale of these foreign goods, check the stoppage of our mills, check the cheapening of our labor by buying American goods whenever and wherever it is possible to do so. Let the people ask only for American products and insist upon getting them.

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NEW YORK'S OPINION.

HER CONGRESSMEN REVIEW THE "SPLENDID NOTHING" TARIFF.

Payne, Ray and Sherman Score the Democratic Legislation—A Surplus of Labor Must Result In Lower Wages—The Prices of Farm Products Must Be Lower.

The advocates of the new tariff bill have made two claims in its behalf. They have asserted that it would greatly facilitate importations, and that this would result in reducing the cost of goods to the consumer. It does not require a prophetic eye to discern that their claims are the strongest indictments that can be brought against the "splendid nothing." Here is the logic in the case: The greater the importation, the less the demand for home products. The less the demand for goods produced at home, the smaller the amount manufactured. The smaller the amount manufactured, the fewer workingmen required or the less the aggregate paid by manufacturers.

The more workingmen out of employment the harder the times, and the harder the times the less money is circulated. Therefore what will it profit the man out of work in this country if England and France and Germany are the more prosperous by reason of increased exportations, even if as the result there is a decrease in the cost of goods at home?

JAMES S. SHERMAN, M. C.,
Twenty-fifth District, New York.

It is difficult to forecast the farreaching effects of the new tariff law. It is certainly to be hoped that some of its disastrous results have been discounted in the past 18 months. Ever since Democratic control of the senate as well as of the house and the executive became apparent the universal prosperity then existing has given place to universal disaster and distress such as no pen can describe. This was largely due to the threatened assault upon American industries. Now that we can see the extent of those attacks under the new law we may at least hope that for the next 18 months distress and disaster will not be so universal.

Under the new law it is painfully evident that wages in many branches of industry must be cut down from 10 to 50 per cent, while in other branches the framers of the bill have blundered into fair protection. That this cutting down process will be attended with widespread strikes is a matter of the most serious apprehension. Strikes are disastrous though the striking workmen are in the right. They are doubly disastrous when, as sometimes happens, the workingman is in the wrong. There is abundant reason for the fear that the strikes in the cotton and pottery industries will be followed by still others.

The mischief of the reduction in a few industries is that wages will go down in sympathy in other branches of labor.

For example, if wages are higher in one industry, those following a less remunerative calling will offer their services at a lower rate, and so the rates reach a common level. Under the census of 1890 the total wage earnings of our people reach about $10,000,000,000 a year. An average reduction of 20 per cent means a loss of $2,000,000,000 annually.

Taking into account the reductions made in the last 18 months and the further reductions manufacturers will be compelled to make under the new bill, 20 per cent is a low estimate of the reduction of wage earnings sure to follow. Such a reduction would take away one-fifth of the consuming power of our people, would destroy one-fifth of our own markets and one-fifteenth of the markets of the world. We cannot estimate the loss of our own markets under this bill. It has opened the door to foreign importations. Foreign goods will crowd out the American from our own markets. We cannot see the end, but of one thing we may rest assured—prosperity will return again only through Republican success and Republican legislation.

SERENO E. PAYNE.
Washington.

The effect of the Gorman-Wilson bill cannot be otherwise than injurious to all industries in the United States unless it be that of sugar refining and most harmful to all workingmen and women and their families. The McKinley bill aimed to protect all our industries, including the agricultural interests, and all our laboring people. It so operated and gave a new impetus to manufacturing, increased the profits of agriculture and gave employment to all who desired it at good wages. The entire country was prosperous, and the people generally were contented.

The Gorman-Wilson bill puts at defiance all principles of tariff for revenue only as well as the true principles of protection. It throws wide open the doors for foreign competition in most directions, while it gives protection to a few favored industries, and will increase and intensify all the evils of class and monopolistic legislation. It is a shameful surrender to trusts and a most shameful abandonment of the rights and interests of the country as a whole.

When this bill comes into operation, our markets will be flooded with foreign made articles, and our mills and factories will be compelled to close or reduce their output. The effect will be disaster to many of our producers and great and lasting injury to the others. The purchasing power of the people will be largely diminished and in thousands of instances destroyed. We shall find not two but three men seeking every job of work instead of two jobs seeking a workman, as was the case under the McKinley bill prior to the incoming of the present industry prostrating Democratic administration.

The rural districts are now overrun with men tramping from place to place seeking employment. This evil will increase, for how can we employ men to do work formerly done here, but hereafter to be done in Europe? If there shall be a greater agricultural product by reason of men flocking to the farms, the market price will fall and the farmer be injured, while the merchants and workmen in the large towns will reap no benefit, for the purchasing power of the farmers will be destroyed.

Sales of goods and of all manufactured articles will fall off, prices must go down, and the workingman out of employment will be unable to purchase at all. It will be a cold day for this country when the president permits this bill to become a law, while trade in Europe will pick up. Her mills and factories will increase their production; her ships will find active employment, bringing her products to our shores. Foreign prospects are bright indeed, while the clouds of despondency are gradually but surely settling about the American hearthstone.

GEORGE W. RAY, M. C.,
Twenty-sixth District, New York.

A Few Facts That Demonstrate the Democratic Love For Trusts.

Under the McKinley tariff the American people have secured free sugar. The treasury department estimated our population July 1 at 68,397,000 persons, the per capita consumption of sugar at 63½ pounds, and our total consumption of sugar at 4,343,209,500 pounds.

The total value of these 4,343,209,500 pounds of raw sugar at an average price of 2¾ cents per pound would be $119,438,261. An ad valorem tariff of 40 per cent upon this sum would be $47,775,304. This would be the extent of the direct sugar tax upon the breakfast table of the people without adding any specific or differential duty upon refined sugar. This tax has been proposed by the Democratic representatives in congress.

The interest upon the national debt for the year ending June 30, 1892, was $23,378,116. The direct sugar tax would be more than double that amount. The Democratic representatives in congress propose to impose upon every person in the country a direct sugar tax of 70 cents per capita as compared with the tax of only 35 cents for payment of interest on the national debt. The sugar tax will be double the payments necessary to sustain our national honor and credit.

The payments for pensions made by the United States government during 27 years—1867-93—averaged $1.06 per capita of our population. The sugar tax proposed by the Democratic representatives in congress will be almost 70 per cent of the average per capita amount paid to the defenders of their country.

The amount of duties collected upon all our imports during the year ending June 30, 1892, was $199,142,678. The sugar tax of $47,775,304 will add almost 25 per cent to the total of these duties collected upon all our imports.

THE DECREASE OF OUR DEBT.

Under Protection We Increased Our Assets and Lessened Our Liabilities.

Not only do a nation's or individual's assets show progress and prosperity, but the liabilities and their nature should be considered as well. Our wealth and savings have been tabulated and compared with those of previous periods, all proving our marvelous progress under a protective tariff. But every nation has a debt, and the United States is no exception to the rule, though the showing made by our country is most satisfactory.

While foreign nations have increased their debt, we have, in the same period, decreased ours by nearly the same amount as the foreign debts have increased. The average annual decrease in the national debt of the United States during the last decade exceeded $100,000,000. The decrease per capita of combined national, state and local debt during the same period was from $60.75 to $32.37, while other statistics showed that the value of property assessed for taxation increased meanwhile from $17,000,000,000 to $25,500,000,000, or 50 per cent, indicating a reduction of debt and an increase of wealth unprecedented in modern times. So it is that protection works both ways. It not only increases our assets, but decreases our liabilities.

THE ENORMOUS WAGES PAID BY THE SUGAR TRUST.

Workmen Who Earn From $4.50 to $7.50 Every Day In the Refineries—Better Paid Than In Any Other Factories—That Is, if Havemeyer's Figures Are Reliable.

The bureau of statistics of the treasury department has estimated the consumption of sugar in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1894, at 4,343,209,500 pounds.

The Sugar trust representatives used to claim that the cost of refining sugar was five-eighths cent per pound. Later they allowed that it cost only one-half cent, and later still they have acknowledged to a cost of only three-eighths cent per pound to refine sugar.

If we apply these various costs to last year's consumption, we get at the total cost of refining as follows:

	Cost to refine per pound. Cents.	Total cost of refining.
4,343,209,500	⅝	$27,145,003
4,343,209,500	½	21,716,047
4,343,209,500	⅜	16,287,025

We thus find that within the past year the three varied statements which have been set forth by the Sugar trust as to the cost of refining sugar show a discrepancy of $10,858,025. Which one are we to believe is the correct one? Let us try to find out.

The average weight of a barrel of sugar may be taken at 325 pounds, which means a total annual consumption of 12,363,720 barrels a year in the United States. If the refineries work on 325 days in each year, it means a daily output of 41,119 barrels. If they work only on an average of 300 days yearly, it means an average daily output of 44,500 barrels of sugar.

It takes 800 men on an average to do the entire work of refining and delivering an output of 3,000 barrels of sugar daily, and this is a liberal allowance. We thus have a total of 12,000 men constantly employed throughout the year to handle an output of 45,000 barrels.

If we compare the number of persons thus employed by the refiners with the total cost of refining sugar, we are enabled to ascertain their annual wages. Thus:

Cost of refining. Per pound.	Total.	Average wages of 12,000 men. Yearly.	Daily.
⅝ cent.	$27,145,003	$2,262	$7.54
½ cent.	21,716,047	1,809	6.03
⅜ cent.	16,287,025	1,357	4.52

This is a remarkable exhibit. It seems remarkable from several points of view. We find that the reduced estimates in the cost of refining sugar have caused a reduction of $3 per day in the wages earned by the refinery employees, from $7.54 down to $4.52 per day, from $2,262 down to $1,357 per annum. This is a serious decline in wages since the country passed into the hands of a Democratic administration, yet we have heard no complaints from these sugar workers, who evidently are still content with a paltry $4.52 per day.

But it has been stated repeatedly in the public press that the sugar refinery workers earn only $1.50 and $2 per day. Taking the larger sum and we would only have $600 a year for each, or $7,200,000 a year for all. What can become of the remaining millions? Is it all absorbed by the salaries of the high officials of the refineries, $20,000,000 a year, or $14,500,000 a year, or even $9,000,000 a year on the basis of a three-eighths cent per pound cost of refining?

Not long since Mr. Havemeyer stated that there were 20,000 persons employed directly and indirectly in the business of sugar refining. Let us agree with him for the moment, and let us pay them each $2 per day during 300 days in the year. This gives us a total expenditure of $12,000,000 and still leaves, on the lowest trust basis of the cost of refining, a trifle of $4,287,025 to be absorbed—how?

If the head officials of the refineries do not absorb $4,287,025 in salaries, then it must go to the men. But there are not 20,000 persons employed in the sugar refineries of the United States. There are only 12,000 hands. The men who do the hauling and delivering of sugar should not even be taken into account in any adjustment of the sugar tariff schedule, because they will always find employment. Sugar will be delivered from some source and consumed.

Let every manufacturer and every laborer consider for himself if an average daily wage of $4.52, or an annual wage of $1,357, be not considered as fairly good pay, this being on the lowest basis of the cost of refining for 12,000 men. It is much larger than any average of wages as given in any other industry of the country in the census reports of 1890.

Perhaps it was this extreme liberality on the part of the sugar refiners that caused them to withhold their reports from the census officials. They may have feared causing discontent among other wage earners. They may have dreaded such a demand for employment as would have compelled them to reduce their liberal wages. They may have even dreaded the publicity of their extreme liberality, these modest sugar refiners.

If the cost of refining sugar in the United States were only one-quarter cent per pound, it would give a total annual expense account of $10,858,000. Deducting 10 per cent for expenses other than labor, this would give an average of over $800 a year from every one of 12,000 employees. Deducting even 20 per cent for expenses other than labor, it would still leave $725 a year for each employee, which is far in excess of anything recorded in the census report of 1890, as the average payment of wages in any other American industrial enterprise.

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AN EARLY CALL.

He proposed to her in the conservatory after supper; he did not go down on his knees or declare that life would be nothing to him without her, but he told her, simply and earnestly, that she was very dear to him; that he had always loved her, and that as his wife it would be his care to guard her from the world's rude buffetings. "I think I could make you happy," he said. "I am not as clever as some of the men you know, but I love you."

"Yes," she murmured; "I know you love me—you have always been good to me; you must know—you must feel that I appreciate it. It touches me to have you care for me—I wish I could make you understand that I am grateful."

"Grateful! But why should you be? Could I help loving you? Could I know you and not care for you? You are so unlike other women, so free from envy and petty malice. I have watched you with your girl friends—I have seen you do many a kindness that you thought nobody knew anything about. I think it was your goodness that charmed me first."

She looked up—was he really in earnest?

"Don't praise me," she said; "compliments from other men are well enough, but not from you."

"Is it a compliment to tell you what I think? And it seems to me I have said so little. Ah, if you could know what is in my heart—but no doubt," as she made an impatient movement, "you have heard all this before—a twice-told story wearies. What can I say to win you—you who are so used to being loved? To another woman I might speak of my wealth, of all that I could give her, but not to you."

"You think too well of me," she broke in.

"No, Edith—I understand you—and that is why I want you all for mine, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish; say that you like me a little, that you will be my wife."

She leaned toward him, the words that would send him from her, and end forever the friendship that had become a part of her life, were trembling on her lips, when he, guessing her intention, perhaps, said, hurriedly: "Some one is coming—your German partner, I think. Don't answer me now; later on will do as well."

She breathed freely. It was natural for her to postpone unpleasant things—to put off the evil day as long as possible.

"As you wish, then; will you call to-morrow?"

"Yes, in the morning, at eleven." He bowed and withdrew just as her next partner came hurrying up.

"The cotillon is about to begin, Miss Alton," he said, taking Manning's chair, "but I think we have time for a short chat. You don't mind talking to me for a few minutes, do you?"

"Why, no," the answered, for she liked the lad not only for his own sake, but because of his friendship with that other, whose image was never long absent from her mind.

"By the way," he said, as if reading her thoughts, "I got a letter from Agnew to-day. I thought you might care to hear from him; you always seemed such friends."

"Yes," she responded, idly. "How is he?"

"Very well; but growing homesick. Think of it! He has been away six weeks."

"No doubt he is enjoying himself."

"Oh, Carl will always get the best out of life; that's his way, you know."

"Yes, I know." The answer was given so carelessly, with such apparent indifference, that he was about to speak, to tell her the tidings that his letter contained, and which so far some instinct had made him withhold, when his hostess appeared in the doorway.

"Come, you two," she called; "the others are waiting for you."

"Dear Mrs. Danton," said the girl, rising, "Mr. Lane and I are such old friends that we sometimes forget how time flies."

"You young dissembler," laughed the older woman; "you know Herbert Manning was in the conservatory with you."

A sudden blush stained Edith's cheek—she hated herself for it, it was so apt to mislead—but Mrs. Danton seemed in no way surprised.

"There, child; don't look so frightened," she said. "No one wishes you happiness more than I."

"But, Mrs. Danton—"

"Really, Miss Edith," put in Lane, who had been a puzzled and uncomfortable listener, "I don't like to hurry you, but we shall surely be late."

She turned away; after all, what did it matter; by to-morrow the world would know the truth. Manning's face would tell the story of his rejection, and a few hours' misconstruction could harm no one. But late that night, when she stood in her own pretty room, she felt vaguely dissatisfied with herself; she could not put the feeling from her.

"I have not acted honestly," she said aloud. "I should have answered him; it was not kind to put him off, it may lead him to hope. He may have misunderstood me." She was silent a moment, then went on still contritely: "And I do like him. He is the kindest, truest friend, but love—" She arose and crossed the room.

When she came back she carried a photograph, a man's cold, clever face—the face of one who knew the world, and was perhaps not on the best of terms with it.

"But for you," she said, gazing into the unresponsive eyes, "I had loved that other man; if you had not shown me so clearly that I was dear to you, I might still care for him, for he loves me dearly; but it is too late now—too late to talk of what might have been." She stooped and laid her lips on the picture's.

The next morning she was idling over her fire, when the mail brought up a bunch of heartsease and a card: "Mr. Manning's compliments, ma'am, and will you see him?"

"Yes; say to him that I will be down in a moment."

When the door closed she lifted the heartsease tenderly; a mute appeal, they seemed to her, from the giver.

"Poor fellow," she thought regretfully. "I should have told him; however, there is no use keeping him waiting. I might as well get through with it at once."

She pinned the heartsease in the lace at her throat, cast a parting glance at the mirror and started down the stairs.

As she reached the lower hall the front door opened and a servant admitted a girl in gray with a bunch of roses thrust into her muff.

"Why, Edith," she said rapidly, "I never thought to find you down so early. If you are going out don't let me keep you."

"I am not going out; come into the sitting room and get warm."

"No, I won't sit down. I only want to see you a moment. I came to ask you to join our house party—there will only be eight of us, the same old crowd we had last year."

"The same crowd? How delightful!"

"The same, and not the same. I won't invite Mr. Agnew now."

"And what has poor Mr. Agnew done?"

"What has he done? Oh, nothing unusual; they all do it sooner or later; but an engaged man is de trop at an affair of this kind. No girl wants him for her partner, and really, one can't blame them."

"An engaged man?" For one horrible moment Edith Alton thought she was about to faint; the next, however, the tables and chairs righted themselves, her visitor's face ceased its grotesque gyrations and she was conscious that she was speaking.

"So! Where did you hear that pleasant bit of news?" she asked, seating herself on the arm of a chair.

"Why, last night; Mr. Lane told me coming home. Strange he never mentioned it to you. I am horribly disappointed. Fancy Charlie Agnew married to a Boston girl. You remember her—a terrible little creature who visited the Mores. Wealthy, of course—trust Charlie for that—but, oh! so plain."

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," quoted Edith, lightly. She felt a longing to cry out, to bury her face somewhere, instead of which she must smile and look unconcerned and discuss this love affair with the indifference of a mere acquaintance. "If I remember rightly, she was a nice little thing."

"Nice? Heavens! Fancy Charlie's coming to that—actually to marrying a 'nice' girl! His best enemy couldn't wish him worse luck. He has disappointed me dreadfully. I thought," significantly, "he fancied some one else, somebody nearer home."

"Somebody nearer home?—oh, do you mean myself? How awfully funny! Why, we are very good friends, we have always been friends; but I—" a rapid flash of thought; then, with rising color: "I am going to marry another man."

Her visitor's face expressed intense surprise. "Going to be married," she repeated; "I had not heard—"

"No one has heard," said the other, with some emotion, "and, by the way, Mr. Manning is waiting for me in the library. I must ask you to excuse me."

"Mr. Manning!"

"Did you not guess? I thought of course you would. Don't speak of it, Janet. I only told you because" (slowly) "you are such a good friend of mine."

"And I appreciate it accordingly. I wish you every happiness!"—she laid her hand lightly on Edith's arm—"you know that, don't you?"

"Why, yes—you have always wished me well, haven't you? See how potent your wishes have been! But to return to our first subject, I shall be glad to go with you to Arley. Last year's visit was a dream."

"Then I shall count on you. Come, you will have to let me out; I am not au fait with your latch."

"What a strong wind there is—draw up your wraps. Good-by and again thank you for thinking of me."

The front door slammed and Edith stood a moment in the hall, gathering courage for what was to come; then she turned and went into the library.

Manning, who was standing at a distant window, came forward at her entrance.

"I am afraid I kept you," she said, giving him a trembling hand, "but I was detained by an 'early call' from a friend."

"An early call," he repeated; "then what do you think of me?"

"Ah, but I told you to come; that is altogether different. I wanted you."

"You wanted me?" he cried eagerly; "my darling, may I interpret that after my own fashion? Do you really care for me a little?"

She could not speak, but for answer she came to him, laying her beautiful head on his breast.

"Love me," she whispered, passionately; "only love me, and you can make of me what you will."

"Do you know," he said to her, about an hour later, "at first you frightened me, but when you didn't say 'No' at once, I began to hope. I knew it wasn't like you to keep me in suspense—you are too true of heart for that."

"Too true," she thought, remorsefully. "Oh, Herbert, Herbert!"

But aloud she said, smiling half sadly into his loving eyes: "To think of your being afraid of me—of poor little me—who am not half worthy of you!"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

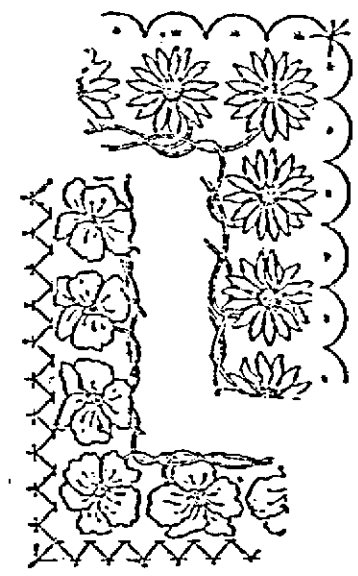
—Navarette was deaf and dumb. He was so fond of cats and dogs that he introduced them into his pictures. When making a contract to paint a series of pictures for the Church of the Escurial it was specially stipulated that he should not introduce any cat or dog into the paintings.

WOMAN AND HOME.

BORDERS FOR DOILIES.

Some New Designs Which Are Artistic and Easily Made.

The accompanying illustrations are designed for borders to be worked upon doilies, tray cloths, tidies or any of their near relatives, in outline stitch with wash silk of any desirable shade. Very little explanation is needed, as the illustrations speak quite plainly for themselves. The little pansies and daisies are conventional in design, but it will add greatly to their artistic effect if they are not all "twins," but are made to vary in some slight details. The pansy faces may nod toward each other a little in one case and turn away from each other further on in the border, thus relieving the "setness" of any absolutely conventional pattern. It takes but a little taste and skill to make this variation, and the effect gained will more than repay one's work. In the case of the daisies, a petal or two twisted here and there relieves the stiffness very greatly. The intertwining stems form a beautiful inside finish to the border. The fancy stitching on the outside edge may vary almost indefinitely, the illustrations



NEW DESIGNS FOR EMBROIDERY.

suggesting two styles. Of course, if one has not the "gift" of making one's pencil obey one's fancies the little variations in the border can be omitted, and it can be made simply a repetition throughout of one little daisy blossom or pansy face. The design is sketched or stamped upon the linen with colored crayon or a soft pencil.—American Agriculturist.

STEAMING THE FACE.

How to Perform This Youth and Health Imparting Operation.

Have the teakettle boiling for you at a certain hour. Take a newspaper, fold down the middle, pin two of the ends behind and put it over your head like a big hood, letting it come well over your face in front.

Rub your face thoroughly with any good cold cream, sit down by the kitchen range, your paper leg over your head and your nose as close to the spout of the boiling kettle as you dare to. Don't tempt fate too far, or you may burn your face. Keep turning first one cheek and then the other, so that all parts of the face may be steamed equally. Keep this up for fifteen or twenty minutes or until you have perspired freely. Now don't rub this grease and perspiration off with a towel, but take a silver-bladed knife and gently scrape the debris away, even as a man scrapes whiskers from his features.

After every bit is removed bathe the face with warm water in which a few drops of sweet-scented benzoin have been poured. If you are going outdoors dash the face with cold water to prevent chapping, but if you are going to remain at home rub a little cold cream under the eyes, over the eyebrows and behind the ears, for these are the quarters in which the telltale wrinkles first begin to come. Then go lie down and take a nap and waken refreshed and as glowing as a sixteen-year-old girl.—Health.

What Goes with What.

Some cooks never know just what to serve with different meats as relish. Following is a table of things considered the proper caper: With roast beef, grated horseradish; roast mutton, currant jelly; boiled mutton, caper sauce; roast pork, apple sauce; boiled chicken, bread sauce; roast lamb, mint sauce; roast turkey, oyster sauce; venison or wild duck, black currant jelly; broiled fresh mackerel, sauce or stewed gooseberries; boiled bluefish, white cream sauce; broiled shad, boiled rice and salad; compote of pigeons, mushroom sauce; fresh salmon, green peas with cream sauce; roast goose, apple sauce.

Recipe for Almond Macaroons.

Pour boiling water over half a pound of shelled almonds, remove the outer skin and plunge into cold water for a few minutes, then pound them to a smooth paste, adding a teaspoonful of lemon essence, add a pound of pulverized sugar and the beaten whites of three eggs. Work the paste together, dip the hands in water and roll the paste into balls the size of large nutmegs. Lay on buttered paper an inch apart. Dip hands in water and pass finger tips over macaroons to make them smooth and shining. Set in a cool oven for forty-five minutes. These macaroons are very nice, and if made right are as good as those made by confectioners.

For Nervous Headache.

A simple but often effective way of relieving nervous headache is to bathe the head freely in water as hot as can be borne. This should be applied not alone to the temples, but to the back of the ears and the back of the neck, where the nerves are very numerous. The effect is, in most cases, soothing and beneficial.

PINEAPPLE RECIPES.

This Delicious Fruit Can Be Prepared in a Variety of Ways.

The most important thing to know about pineapples is how to cut them, and ignorance of the proper manner in which this should be done is responsible for much of the distaste awarded to this tender and delicious fruit.

The pine should first be peeled, taking care to cut well inside the eyes to remove the sharp spear which each eye contains. Then stand the pine on end and wring off the crown or top, never cut it off.

With a sharp knife then cut the pine in thin slices from top to bottom and keep turning the pine around and slice to the core. Put the slices in a dish and let stand until ready to serve, when sugar may be added if desired. Under no circumstance add the sugar until the last moment, as it draws out the juices of the fruit and injures the flavor. This is a tender point and one not generally known, but if you will follow these directions fully the result will be a dish incapable of harm to anyone, both tender and delicious.

Pineapple shortcake is a tempting dessert and is made as follows:

Take half a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in two layers and spread chopped pineapple between the layers after the cake is cold. This recipe is very popular down where the pines grow, but any recipe for strawberry shortcake will do as well by substituting the pine for the berries.

Another and still more delicious use for this fruit is known as pineapple biegnets:

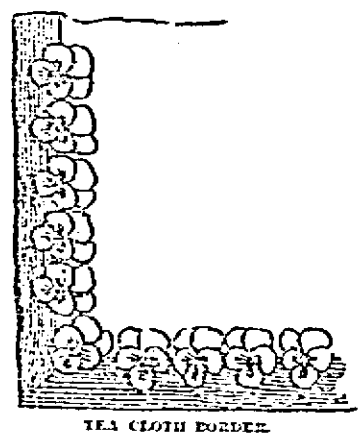
Cut the pine into pieces the size of a silver quarter dollar and a quarter of an inch thick. Let these steep for an hour in brandy, sweetened with powdered sugar, then dip in batter and fry in [illegible]ling fat until they are quite cr[illegible] and of a golden yellow color. Take them up in a strainer and put them in a hot baking tin, sprinkle with confectioner's sugar and set in a hot oven to glaze. When they look bright and glossy dish on white paper and serve hot.—N. Y. Herald.

PRETTY TEA CLOTHS.

Considered an Essential Part of a Correct Entertainment.

The fashion in five o'clock tea cloths ordains that a cloth of fine white linen should have a deep border of rich brocade, the seams where the two materials join being covered by a row of large single flowers embroidered in crewel stitch. The linen center is then covered with tiny stars embroidered in the color of the brocade. Thus a cloth with a pale mauve brocade border has a row of embroidered pansies covering the seam and pale mauve stars in the center.

Lace braids are more and more used in embroidery, on the ground that they furnish the appearance of fancy stitches without the trouble of making them. An afternoon tea cloth recently presented to a bride was of white silk,



TEA CLOTH BORDER.

bordered with white and silver brocade, with an insertion of beautiful lace between the silk and the brocade. In each corner of the silk center was an exquisite group of the bride's name-flower worked in raised white silk embroidery, outlined with silver thread. In the center her monogram was worked, and it was surrounded by a garland of the same flowers tied with a true-lover's knot.—N. Y. Tribune.

How to Destroy Bedbugs.

Clean the paint of the room thoroughly, and set in the center of the room a dish containing four ounces of brimstone. Light it and close the room as tight as possible, stopping the keyhole of the door with paper, to keep the fumes of the brimstone in the room. Let it remain for three or four hours, then open the windows and air thoroughly. The brimstone will be found to have also bleached the paint if it was a yellowish white.

Misdirected Sympathy.

A New York clergyman, meeting one of his female parishioners dressed in deep black, tried to console her by saying:

"You have no idea how I regret to see you wearing these sad habiliments of woe."

"You can't be as sad about it as I am," responded the widow; "I look worse in black than in any other color. It makes me look like a fright."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Science Right.

Husband—A great scientist says that women are less sensitive to pain than men.

Wife—I presume it is so. I can suffer torments, and go right along with a smile on my face, while you swear and tear around like mad if you bump your head while hunting a collar button.—N. Y. Weekly.

Poor Girl.

"I have almost made up my mind to break the engagement," said the young woman with the copper-colored hair.

"Why so?" emphatically asked the woman who had been married twice.

"I'm afraid we can never be happy together. Milo and he are madly jealous of each other already."—Indianapolis Journal.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Pineapple Jelly: Pare and grate the pineapple; put into a kettle with one pound of sugar for every pound of fruit; boil until quite thick, then strain and put into jars; when cold cover with letter paper dipped in brandy and tie up.—St. Louis Republic.

—A recent English invention for the nursery is a "patent veiled sheet." It is an ordinary sheet, in which a square of gauze net is inserted. This is intended to be thrown over the face of a sleeping infant, protecting it from flies without impeding the respiration.

—Peach Marmalade: Peel and quarter the peaches. Use three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Have enough water to cover the peaches and in it boil the pits until well flavored, then add the pealed and quartered peaches. Boil one-half hour, add sugar, boil for an hour, stirring constantly.—Womankind.

—Meatless bean soup may be made with or without milk as one prefers. A good soup is made of the black beans soaked over night and boiled in a generous quantity of water. When soft, rub through a colander, return to kettle seasoned with salt, pepper, butter and thyme, if one likes. Hard-boiled eggs, sliced, may be dropped into the soup just before serving.

—Potato Salad: Cut in dice piece, one quart of cold, boiled potatoes; one small onion, or half of a large one chopped fine, a little parsley also chopped; add these to the potatoes, which should be salted while cooking, as it prevents them from boiling to pieces quite so easily. For the dressing, use the yolk of one egg beaten thoroughly, a saltspoonful each of salt, pepper and mustard, and four tablespoonsful of thick, sweet cream. Mix thoroughly; then add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Do not put the dressing over the potatoes until just before serving. Garnish with lettuce.—Rural New Yorker.

—Apple Meringue: Pare and core six apples of equal sizes; place them in a steamer, put a teaspoonful of sugar and three drops of vanilla, a little grated lemon peel, nutmeg or cinnamon in each apple and steam until tender. Heat three cupfuls of milk scalding hot, remove it from the fire and stir in the beaten yolk of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt. Put the steamed apples in a baking pan, pour the prepared milk over them and bake until the custard sets, probably about ten minutes. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; heap a spoonful on each apple, return to the oven and yellow slightly. To be eaten either hot or cold.—Country Gentleman.

—Cup Puddings: Soak three ounces of semolina in a bowl with enough milk to cover for half an hour, drain and put into a saucepan with three half pints of boiling milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of butter and a dash of grated lemon rind; stir over the fire in a double boiler for fifteen minutes; let it cool a little and whisk into it four well-whipped eggs; turn into buttered cups, bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes and serve with a sweet sauce. If desired this mixture may be baked for thirty-five minutes in a dish instead of in cups, or it may be steamed for forty minutes. A pleasant sauce is made by dissolving some tart jelly or jam in as much water; thicken with a teaspoonful of cornstarch and add a bit of butter.

For Fall Wear.

Ribbed, striped and plaided woolens are shown in great variety for autumn and winter wear, and the novel color-schemes bring out all the new shades or improved shades of magenta, wallflower browns and reds, pinkish fawns, rosy heliotropes, etc. The general rule for making up these fabrics is that when they are of the ribbed variety then bengaline or armure is used. When they are of two colors, the darker shade is repeated in the trimming, which is usually plain velvet, and when of contrasting tri-colors, shot velvet is chosen, each dye being repeated in the changeable fabric. Plain velvet, however, is a more successful garniture for changeable materials, whether plain or patterned, than either silk or ribbon. When it is difficult to match the dominant color in the material, recourse is very often had to black velvet, which can always be used with good effect on either gay, medium or dark tints.—N. Y. Post.

Cucumber Salad in Winter.

Cucumber lovers will find a way to enjoy them fresh out of season by following this German recipe to preserve them: Take as many medium-sized cucumbers as you wish and pare and slice them as if for salad, and then salt them well, and after leaving them in the salt a few hours the salt and liquid are squeezed out of them with a clean white cloth. Then take a quantity of finely-cut onions and peppercorns and mix them well into the cucumber. Put the whole into a large stone jar and pour over it the best white-wine vinegar, and on top two inches of good salad oil; cover the top of the jar with a bladder. During the whole winter the cucumber remains fresh and good. When necessary add a little more vinegar, and always leave two inches of oil at the top. Cucumber salad made from the vegetable thus prepared is said to be almost equal to its use in the fresh state.—Farmers' Voice.

Good Rainy-Day Costume.

Woman, who has groaned and fretted for many years past beneath the weight and heat of heavy mackintoshes, has at last hit upon a rainy-day costume which ought to satisfy her. The skirt is made of waterproof covert cloth or of water-proof cheviot. Instead of the long, heavy, warm garment which they were accustomed to wear, women wear with this a waterproof cape to match. The favorite cape is quite long, and falls well below the hips. It is made in two parts, the under one reaching the waist line. It is lined with checked cloth or silk and is fastened all the way down by buttons and straps.—Chicago Post.

A NOBLE FIGHT.

An Eminent Southern Lawyer's Long Conflict with Disease.

Twenty-Five Years of Prosperity, Adversity and Suffering. The Great Victory Won by Science Over a Stubborn Disease.

[From the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.]

Foremost among the best known lawyers and farmers of North Carolina stands Col. Isaac A. Sugg, of Greenville, Pitt Co., a man who has been on the edge of eternity and whose life had been measured by minutes.

"It has been twenty-two years since I became a resident of this town," said Col. Sugg, in telling his story to a reporter, "even then the first symptoms of Gravel were asserting themselves but were slight. Gradually, however, my disease developed, and fight it as I would it seemed to gain a stronger foothold day by day until my misery was complete. For sixteen years I never knew what it was to be free from pain, not pain as an ordinary man thinks of it, but agonizing, excruciating, unendurable pain. Tortured from head to foot, at times thrown into spasms when it would require the united strength of four men to hold me until I was stupified with stimulants and opiates. I could not sit, lie or stand in any one position but the shortest time. Sleep was out of the question unless brought about by the strongest stimulants or opiates. Oh how many, many times have I thought of putting an end to that life of suffering. But then my mind would revert to my wife, my children, my home, and I would restrain my hand with the hope that some other means of escape would be offered. I searched the archives of medicine for relief. Doctors were consulted, lithia waters, mineral waters, drugs, opiates and stimulants of all sorts were tried without avail. Why I sent clear to the West Indies for medicine and yet the result was the same.

"I kept at my work as long as I could but nature gave way at last and I succumbed to the inevitable. My entire nervous system had been shattered by the stimulants and opiates I had taken, my blood had actually turned to water, my weight had dropped from 175 pounds to 128, and it seemed to everybody that the end was in sight. Why I could not bear the gentle hand of my wife to bathe my limbs with tepid water. I was simply living from hour to hour. I had made my will, settled my business and waited for the last strand of life to snap.

"It was at this time that a somewhat similar case as my own was brought to my notice. This man had suffered very much as I had, his life had been despaired of as mine had and yet he had been cured. Think what that little word meant to me—CURED. The report stated that the work had been accomplished by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I investigated the report thoroughly and found that it was true in detail. Then I procured some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began taking them and began to get better. I began to sleep like a healthful child, sound, calm and peaceful. My appetite came back and my nerves were soothed and restored to their normal condition and I felt like a new man. But the greatest blessing was the mental improvement. I began to read and digest, to formulate new plans, to take interest in my law practice, which began to come back to me as soon as my clients realized that I was again myself. After a lapse of 10 years I ride horseback every day without fatigue.

"That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life is beyond doubt, and I am spreading their praise far and wide."

Inquiry about the town of Greenville substantiated the above facts of Col. Sugg's case, and that many others are being benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are considered an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box or 6 boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

LOVER OF FLOWERS.

Mr. Buppum Dilates on the Advantages of Flowers in the House.

"Flowers are very beautiful in a house," said Mr. Buppum, but they are useful, too. Now my wife had last winter several pots of plants in our dining-room. These pots and those flowers were invaluable to me.

"The butts of my cigars, placed carefully in the pots, I am certain keep insects away. Many and many a time have I half emptied my glass upon the flowers, that the qualification of my liquor should not be too great.

"I would sharpen my pencil over the flowers, knowing that the chips would not fall upon the floor. If my pencils were missing from my desk I had only to take a stick from a flower pot, knowing that Mrs. Buppum's plants had supporters which they could sometimes go without.

"I am not saying," concluded Mr. Buppum, "that my attentions were good for the plants; but they saved me much trouble, and I shall co-operate with Mrs. Buppum in keeping flowers in the house this winter."—N. Y. Sun.

Modern Improvements.

School Boy (wearily)—What's the use of learning all this stuff?

Teacher—It is chiefly to cultivate the memory.

School Boy—Don't you think it would be more sensible to buy a phonograph?—Good News.

A Natural Result.

Superintendent (moodily)—We will have to abandon our trolley to Branchville.

President—What's the matter?

Superintendent—No passengers. The people living along the line have all been killed.—N. Y. Weekly.

PROMINENT PEOPLE ABROAD.

MAURUS JOKAI, the Hungarian novelist, recently tried to kill himself in a fit of melancholy at Budapest by inhaling the fumes of charcoal.

THE emperor of Russia is said to be the only European monarch whose life is not insured. The companies all rated him as a risk too hazardous to handle.

MUSTAPA BEY, formerly private physician to the sultan of Morocco, is said to derive an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year from his profession.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Freshmen Must Work.

The faculty of the university at their meeting in Madison adopted a new rule regarding the participation of freshmen in athletics. The rule as adopted prohibits freshmen in general from playing on any of the university athletic teams during the first term of attendance at the university, and adult special students from playing during the first two terms of their course. The registration of the university shows that 1,196 students are enrolled, an increase of 164 over last year.

Found Guilty.

Judge Donovan, of Madison, held that Julius Woelffer had violated the excise laws in selling liquor at Londen under a license granted by two members of the town board after the town had voted no license. The court held that if the election was invalid that fact should be determined by a separate proceeding. Woelffer was found guilty and fined $50 and costs, with the alternative of three months in jail.

Elixir of Life for Sick Pigs.

The hog cholera is raging with great fatality in Rock county. State Veterinarian Frank J. Toussant, of Milwaukee, was called and was experimenting with what he claimed was a sure remedy for the disease. He inoculated a horse and three hours later killed the horse. Then he fed the carcass to the diseased hogs. He claimed that the hogs would recover after eating this inoculated meat.

To Build River Whalebacks.

It was authoritatively stated in West Superior that Capt. McDougall had plans and negotiations well advanced for the establishment of a shipyard for construction of river whalebacks in Pittsburgh. The vessels will ply between New Orleans and Pittsburgh and ultimately, it was expected, between Lake Erie and the gulf of Mexico.

Found Hanging.

Miss Mary Jonas, 45 years old, was found hanging at her home, Viroqua, 8 miles south of here. She lived alone, in an out-of-the-way place and had but few callers. Three hundred dollars in cash, a watch and some other valuables known to have been in the house at the time, were nowhere to be found. Foul play was feared.

Officers Charged with Murder.

Under Sheriff La Sag, of Eau Claire, and Deputy Sheriff Whipple, of Trempeleau county, were arrested on the charge of murder on a warrant sworn out in Trempeleau county. The two officers several weeks ago shot and killed Abijah Moon, an escaping burglar, whom they cornered in a field.

Pastor Johnson Gets a Verdict.

After four days of a hard-fought contest in court Rev. E. M. Johnson, the Monfort preacher, obtained a verdict at Lancaster for $300 damages against the other preachers, W. G. Halmer, Lynn Webb and Frank Kamm, for assault on him at the New Diggings camp meeting in September, 1893.

Train Went Through a Bridge.

A locomotive and three cars, belonging to the Transfer company near West Superior, went through an open draw on the Wisconsin side of the Northern Pacific bridge. All the trainmen escaped. It was impossible to close the draw. The engine and cars sank in the 18-foot channel.

Officials' Accounts Short.

Expert Accountant J. C. Card discovered ex-City Treasurer Michael Murphy, of Janesville, was short $9,058 in his accounts; City Marshal I. L. Acheson, $83; ex-Marshal John W. Hogan, $1,030; Patrolman John Kruz, $24 short. Murphy had turned over his property to secure the city.

Can Take a New Name.

The Columbian Life of Wisconsin, an insurance company at Madison of which Mr. A. O. Wright is president and A. C. Isaacs secretary, is, by decree of the circuit court, permitted to change its name to the Supreme Court of the United Order of Foresters.

The News Condensed.

The jury at Marinette in the case of Cook Bros. against the Minneapolis & St. Paul railroad for $55,000 damages rendered a verdict for the plaintiffs for $28,000.

Owen Lappin, a wholesale liquor dealer at Chippewa Falls, assigned. His liabilities were $7,000 and his assets $10,000. Lappin is mayor of the city.

Adolph Schulz has begun suit at Milwaukee against Catherine Pilger for $20,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage.

Stirred to action by a recent murder, people of Milwaukee will close the saloons in the vicinity of the soldiers' home.

Col. John H. Knight, of Ashland, has purchased the Hotel Chequamegon, the famous summer resort hotel of Ashland, of the Wisconsin Central Railway company.

The two men under arrest at Merrill confessed to the recent train wrecks on the Soo road.

Louise B. Miller brought suit in Milwaukee for divorce from Robert J. Miller, a member of the photographic firm of Miller Brothers. She charges cruel and inhuman treatment.

A beet sugar plant to cost $200,000 is soon to be erected at Elroy.

George Gilmer was seriously wounded by a trap-gun set for deer near Ashland. He was walking along a deer trail and struck a fine wire, which discharged the gun.

While the new tenant of a house in Ashland was digging into a pile of ashes near the house he came across a boy in which was the body of an infant.

Gustav F. Berger, a student in a Chicago medical college, is charged with embezzling $5,000 while in the employ of a Milwaukee jeweler.

A TOWN REDUCED.

Japanese Capture Kin Chow After Hours of Fighting.

YOKOHAMA, Nov. 6.—Advices received here from the front show that there has been heavy fighting in the country just north of Port Arthur. The dispatches received are brief, and are silent on some important points. It appears that Field Marshal Oyama divided his forces. While one division landed on the east coast of the peninsula north of Talien-Wan, another division was detached, with orders to effect a landing near Kin Chow and to proceed thence and join the main body of the army. This operation was a complete success. The Japanese encountered no Chinese warships, and the transports reached Kayenko and disembarked troops, guns, horses and munitions in safety.

Kin Chow, which is a walled town and which was believed to be held by a large garrison, was immediately attacked. The outer defenses were carried by the Japanese after a few hours' fighting. The Chinese made little further resistance and the Japanese were soon masters of the place. In the meantime the Japanese fleet, which had conveyed the transports, opened a heavy fire on Talien-Wan and Kayenko. The firing was kept up for many hours. Covered by the fire from the ships the land force attacked and captured Talien-Wan in a brilliant fashion. The dispatch says that the losses were heavy. They also mention that an important naval engagement occurred Saturday, but give no details. Up to the time of sending this dispatch there has been no confirmation of the report of the capture of Port Arthur.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—A dispatch to the Times from Tien-Tsin says that Fung Wauh Ching was burned by the Chinese. The defense of the road to Moukden has collapsed. Gen. Sung, with the remnant of his army, is in the Mathienling pass, between Fung Wang Ching and Liaoyang. Winter has set in. Snow has fallen in Manchuria. No fighting is mentioned as having occurred at Fung Wang Ching, but it is alleged that 300 Chinese were killed at Taikai.

APPLIED THE TORCH.

The Race War in the South Causes Labor Troubles.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 6.—Developments in the labor troubles show the desperation of the white men who work along the levee and indications are that the worst is not yet over. Sunday afternoon the torch was applied to the wharf of the West India and Pacific Steamship company on the levee at the foot of Nun street, and before the flames were subdued there was a loss of $200,000 in merchandise, cotton and damage to one of their steamships. About half was insured.

The trouble is a race war between the white and colored screwmen and longshoremen. It resulted Saturday in a riot, in which one negro was killed and several wounded, and then a sort of truce was patched up, by which all the steamship agents agreed, except one, Stoddard & Co., to employ only white laborers on their ships. Then came the longshoremen's strike, and that culminated in white longshoremen refusing to work with the negroes. For the last two days things have been comparatively quiet, but there was little work done on the levee, one steamboat being loaded by negroes under protection of fifty police. The police are almost powerless, and it is likely the governor will order out troops.

THE TRADE OUTLOOK.

Views of the Leading Agencies on the Business Situation.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—Bradstreet says: "General trade continues on conservative lines, there being little far-reaching improvement in business circles as compared with a week ago, aside from the settlement of the strike at Fall River, one of the effects of which is expected to be the steadying of prices for cotton fabrics and an influence at to cloth printers to order for future delivery. —At Cleveland, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, St. Paul and Minneapolis no change is reported in commercial circles, business being moderate and dealings conservative. Colder weather is needed at the cities further north. Detroit reports unseasonable weather has further checked distribution of clothing and allied lines, and at Chicago the volume of business is smaller than in the previous week, although interior merchants in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois are sending in a seasonable number of mail orders. St. Louis jobbers in dry goods, hats and millinery report about the usual volume of trade, but most other lines show a decrease. There is a fair volume of business at Duluth, where lake navigation is nearing its close, and at Portland, Ore., general trade is said to have improved, while at San Francisco no special change has taken place."

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review says: "Failures continue small, and for four weeks ending October 28, liabilities were $[illegible], of which $[illegible] were of manufacturing and $[illegible] of trading concerns. Southern failures are comparatively small, and the eastern and western about equal. During the past week failures have been 340 in the United States, against 318 last year and 50 in Canada, against 38 last year."

MASS FOR THE CZAR.

Unique Ceremonies in Memory of the Dead Ruler Held in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—Chicago's only Greek church, at No. 13 Center avenue, was crowded with people Sunday morning to listen to requiem high mass said for Alexander III., Russia's dead monarch. Every time a Divine Blessing was asked for Nicholas, the new ruler, the same request was repeated for the president of the United States. Of the 400 people present 250 of them were Russians. Gen. Miles and staff represented this country while consuls of a dozen foreign countries were present. Father Ambrose Vretta, priest of the parish, assisted by Fathers Phiabolus and Sokoloff, conducted the services. The entire ceremony was the most unique and impressive that has ever been held in this city. The mass throughout was similar to that used at Livadia and occupied two hours.

Victims of a Storm.

NAVASOTA, Tex., Nov. 5.—Friday night during a storm a white woman named Stribling was killed and two children badly hurt by the house on McAlpine's farm being blown down.

SCORES GO DOWN.

A Steamer Strikes the Rocks on Great Barrier Island.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Nov. 2.—The steamer Wairapa, plying between this port and Auckland, N. Z., was wrecked on Great Barrier Island on Sunday night. She began going to pieces at once in the heavy seas. A few of her passengers were saved, but 111 were drowned. The vessel is a total wreck.

The night was very dark and the officers and lookout on the steamer were ignorant of the proximity of land until the steamer struck on the rocks. Capt. McIntosh, the master of the Wairaipa, was on the bridge at the time. He, together with most of the crew, was lost. The sea was rough when the steamer went aground. Attempts were made to lower some of the boats, but several of these were either smashed by being thrown by the sea against the side of the steamer before the falls were cast off, or were capsized before they could be laid head on to the sea. Everybody in the boats perished. Those remaining on board refused to escape this way.

In the meantime the people on shore had gone to the assistance of the shipwrecked people. The steamer had two or three life rafts and these were thrown overboard, but attached to the vessel by stout lines. Then some of the passengers scrambled down the side by the aid of ropes and dropped upon the rafts, which were then cut loose. They drifted rapidly in shore and the people on them were taken off when they came in reach by men who went into the water as far as possible to meet them.

A line was finally thrown across the steamer and the breeches buoy was rigged. A number of lives were saved by this means. Altogether 111 of the passengers and 23 of the crew were drowned. The survivors have arrived at Aukland.

LIVES CRUSHED OUT.

A Landslide Wipes Out a Settlement on Vancouver Island.

NANAIMO, B. C., Nov. 5.—The steamer Princess Louise, just down from the north, brings intelligence of a terrible disaster at Shoshartie bay, at the northwest end of Vancouver Island, which completely wrecked the settlement quite recently established there known as the Canadian cooperative commonwealth. The settlement consisted of six persons, five men and one woman. Monday morning, before the occupants had arisen, a landslide tore down the mountain side, crushed in the log building, and carried it and the ground on which it stood 150 feet out into the bay, the cabin being buried several feet under debris. Four of the inmates lost their lives.

AN OPEN SWITCH.

It Causes a Railway Collision in Which Three Lives Are Lost.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 2.—Three persons were killed and others injured at Foster, 27 miles north of here, on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, at 1 o'clock Wednesday morning. The accident was caused by an open switch, into which a through express train, No. 7, dashed while running at a high speed, crashing into the rear end of a freight train which had taken the siding to allow the express to pass. The dead are: Engineer James Lynott, Scranton, Pa.; Fireman Elmer Scull, Moscow; Fireman William Hosey, Binghamton, N. Y.

A FATAL FALL.

Three Men Drop Over a Hundred Feet—Two of Them Killed Outright.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 2.—Two men were almost instantly killed and one man was fatally injured by falling from the seventh story of a building in course of erection at Twelfth and Locust streets at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon. The men were standing on a scaffolding when a plank spread and allowed them to fall to the pavement a distance of over 100 feet. The dead are: Samuel Moore, aged 41, leaves a widow and three children; Jacob Warner, aged 38, leaves a widow and two children; Joseph Enz, was fatally injured.

MEXICO SHAKEN.

Lives Lost and Property Destroyed During the Recent Earthquake.

CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 6.—The earthquake which visited this section of the republic Friday evening was the most severe which has been felt since 1858. Reports of damage to life and property are slow in being collected, but it is known that thirteen people were killed in this city and at least three at outside points. Many roofs of old buildings fell and in some instances crushed to instant death the occupants of the houses.

TWO MORE CAPTURED.

Joe and Patsy Beck, of the Cook Gang Caught in Oklahoma.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Nov. 5.—Joe and Patsy Beck, two of the Cook gang of outlaws now terrorizing the Indian territory, came over into Oklahoma to steal fresh mounts, and were captured by a posse of citizens of Cushing. Both were in the Red Rock train robbery and Chandler bank raid, and have been notorious desperadoes for years.

Policeman Shot and Killed.

PEORIA, Ill., Nov. 6.—Officer Joseph Seyller was shot and killed at Bartonville, where he was sent to arrest Husel Hopmeyer. The policeman went to the saloon of Husel Hopmeyer, Sr., after the boy. Four shots were fired by Hopmeyer and they all took effect in the officer's body. He lived but a short time.

Big Decrease in Foreclosures.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 6.—Mortgage foreclosures in the counties of southern Minnesota, as shown in the report of the state labor commissioner, have decreased 75 per cent. in the last fourteen years owing to diversified farming.

The latest investigations by the United States and Canadian Governments show the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others in purity and leavening strength.

Statements by other manufacturers to the contrary have been declared by the official authorities falsifications of the official reports.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Pretty Pincushion.

A very pretty pincushion is thus concocted: Cover a small square box with silk, sewing a little bow to each corner. Fill so full of curled hair that it bulges above the top. Cover this with linen and then with a crape handkerchief. Let the four corners hang over the four sides of the box. Tack the crape down all over the top into a number of puffs and wherever it is tacked stick a pin. Use both black and white, and use a number.—Philadelphia Press.

Sweet Grape Pickles.

Seven pounds of grapes on the stem, three pounds and a half of sugar, one quart of good apple vinegar, and spices to taste. Make a sirup of the sugar and vinegar, tie the spices (cloves, cinnamon and mace) in a thin muslin bag, and boil with the sirup. Pour the sirup boiling hot over the grapes for three successive mornings; they are then ready to be put away. This makes a delicious as well as a very pretty pickle.—St. Louis Republic.

Celebrated Man on a Celebrated Railroad.

Gen. Lew Wallace, the renowned soldier, statesman, traveler and author, pays this compliment to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in the St. Paul Evening News Record, Oct. 6, 1894:

"I have traveled all over the United States and Europe, but never before have I seen such magnificent train service as I enjoyed on 'The Milwaukee' between Chicago and St. Paul. The private compartment cars are superior to anything of the kind I ever saw."

The trains referred to by the author of "Ben Hur" are vestibuled throughout, heated by steam, lighted by electricity and arranged with the famous electric berth reading lamp. J. T. CONLEY,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

Gus De Smith—"By the way, Hostetter, have you two fives for a ten?" Hostetter—"I have." Gus De Smith—"Then lend me one of 'em."—Texas Siftings.

Don't You See?

That vapor creeping up from the marshy lowlands. It isladened with the seeds of chills and fever. Do you think you can breathe these without danger? Not much. Protect yourself with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and you will be safe. Or if you find dyspepsia, rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys or liver, or constipation coming on apace, use this thorough and beneficent safeguard.

Weekly would be of little use on board a leaking ship; they couldn't man the pumps. —Lowell Courier.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally impair the system.

"If you wanter flattah er man's vanity cool," said Uncle Eben, "tell him he ain't got nuse."—Washington Star.

Lard Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Piso's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Trying to obtain happiness simply to have it, is nothing more than selfishness.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Don't talk about yourself when you want to be interesting.—Ram's Horn.

WE GIVE AWAY

A Sample Package (4 to 7 doses) of

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets

To any one sending name and address to us on a postal card.

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

Hence, our object in sending them out broadcast

ON TRIAL

They absolutely *cure* Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Costiveness, Poor Appetite, Dyspepsia and kindred disarrangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Don't accept some substitute said to be "just as good."

The substitute costs the dealer less. It costs you ABOUT the same. HIS profit is in the "just as good." WHERE IS YOURS?

Address for Free Sample.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

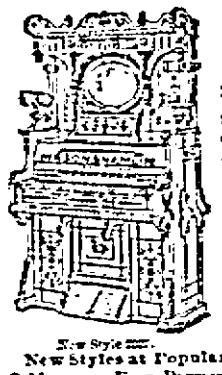
WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKES NO DUST. IN 5 & 10 CENT TIN BOXES. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE.

Morse Bros. Prop'rs. CANTON, MASS.

You want an Organ. Of course You want the BEST. The MASON & HAMLIN has won



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At All Important World's Fairs since that of Paris, 1867, including Chicago, 1893, and is absolutely

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If your local dealer does not sell our Pianos and Organs, we will send on approval direct from factory, to responsible parties, at our expense. Write for particulars.

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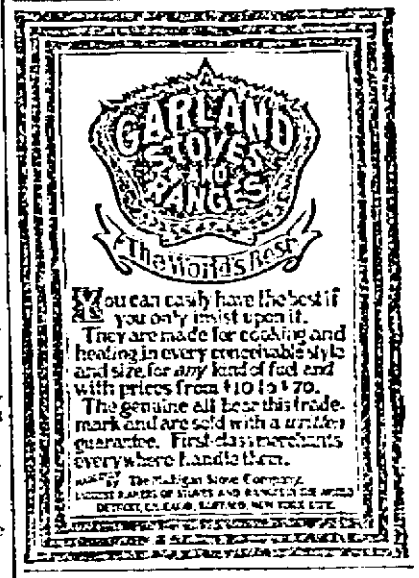

You can easily have the best if you only insist upon it. They are made for cooking and heating in every conceivable style and size, for *any* kind of fuel and with prices from $10 to $70. The genuine all bear this trade-mark and are sold with a *written* guarantee. First-class merchants everywhere handle them.

Manf'd by The Malleable Iron Range Company, Boston, New York, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Denver, Portland, Ore., Salt Lake City, Dallas, Tex., Atlanta, Ga., New Orleans

DOWN EAST FARMERS

FEAR CANADIAN COMPETITION WILL GLUT THE MARKETS.

Garden Truck, Hay and Sheep Must Sell For Less Money—A Lone Democratic Politician Who Still Clings to Grover—Everything For the Trusts.

I have been spending my vacation in a little country town way down in Maine. The old farmer with whom I boarded was an active politician, and he and I had many discussions. One day I rode over with him to the country store, a mile or two away, and while we were there another farmer came in and greeted my host with, "Well, Miller, are they going to pass this tariff bill?"

"I dunno," said Miller. "Looks like it."

"Well sir," said the newcomer, "if they do, I've voted the Democratic ticket for the last time."

"Why?" asked Miller.

"Because," was the reply, "if it passes I'll have to sell my flock of sheep. I've been getting 25 and 30 cents a pound for wool, but if this bill passes I won't get more'n 15 or 16 cents, and I can't afford to raise wool for that. And that ain't all," he went on. "I can't get so much for my produce if they let the Canadians bring their stuff in here free or at a lower duty than they pay now."

"Do you think that no duty or a lower duty on Canadian farm products would affect you very much?" I asked.

"Well, I should think it would," was the reply. "Some things 'twon't interfere with, but it will make a big difference in the price of my eggs and potatoes and turnips and hay and such stuff. They ought to put up the duty on hay if anything. There's too much Canadian hay comes in here now. And as for turnips, you see, St. Andrew's down there, just across the line, is a great place for turnips, and if them turnips didn't have to pay a duty it wouldn't pay me to raise any."

"Do you get a pretty good price for your produce now?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "there hasn't been as good a market for them as usual the last year, the times are so hard. A good many mills have been shut down for a longer or shorter time, and that's made money pretty tight."

"Well, then," I said, "you farmers have as much to fear from the shutting down of the mills as from the coming in of Canadian products, haven't you?"

"More. We couldn't sell anything if the mills didn't run. Who'd we sell to?"

"That's just it," I said. "You see, you get just as much benefit from the tariff on manufactures as the manufacturer does. If there weren't any factories, you wouldn't have any market for your produce, so you profit by the tariff on manufactures as well as by the tariff on farm products. You need a tariff on both to protect you."

"Well, that's so," he replied, "though I hadn't thought of it before. I dunno but I'll vote for protection anyhow, even if they don't put wool on the free list and make me sell my sheep."

"There's no doubt that they'll make wool free," I said, "though I didn't know before that free wool would affect Maine much. It is easy enough to see the danger from the coming in of Canadian produce under a low duty, but I didn't suppose they raised wool here."

"They don't much," he said, "though I've got a small flock of sheep. The wool hasn't started on my sheep yet this year, though, and my wife says it's because I voted for Cleveland and free wool."

"Shouldn't wonder," I said.

"I should think those western fellers who raise wool would kick more'n we do, though," the old farmer continued.

"I guess they do," I replied. "Petitions against free wool have been sent to congress from 35 states and territories, but the people are not in it with this congress. The trusts have the inside track with this administration."

Just here there entered a man with a Cleveland figure, who, I afterward learned, was a Democratic politician of local fame. Catching my last words, this politician asked in loud, impressive tones, "What is the loss to a few thousand woolgrowers compared to the gain to 70,000,000 of consumers?"

"Ah," I said, "but you must remember that those 70,000,000 consumers are also producers. They produce the articles which the woolgrowers consume. The benefits are mutual, and all have employment and money with which to buy the products of the others. To see the effect as a whole you must apply the same argument to everything. To be consistent, if not wise, you would have to make everything free. Then all your 70,000,000 consumers would soon find that they are producers also. Foreign goods would take the place of home products in our markets until our people, thrown out of work by the ruin of all our industries, would be too poor to buy even the products of European labor."

"We're not talking about 'free everything,'" returned he of Clevelandic stature. "We don't want everything free, so we don't have to apply it to everything. We're talking about free wool."

"Pardon me," I said, "for assuming for a moment that the Democratic party had any use for the jewel of consistency. There is chance for a whole day's discussion in finding out what raw materials are, as your senate has learned."

"Well, I'm for tariff reform and Grover Cleveland every time," said the politician as, pleading an engagement, he hurried out.

"Tariff reform and Grover Cleveland every time," I mused. "Never the nation or the people." And I, too, went out, followed by the two farmers.

GAIL H. LAUGHLIN.

Portland, Me.

San Diego is the oldest city in California, and the ruins of the mission of 1769 are still preserved.

Clad In Perfidy and Dishonor.

Down With the Trusts!

The German tariff bill is the law of the land. Let it be enforced. It will be remembered that immediately prior to its passage in the senate Senator Morgan introduced a series of resolutions determining the illegality of every combination, conspiracy, trust, agreement or contract between two or more persons that would restrain lawful trade or free competition or increase the price of any marketable commodity. The penalty is fixed at a fine ranging from $100 to $5,000 and imprisonment for a term varying from three to twelve months. The attorney general is directed to institute proceedings through the several district attorneys of the United States. Let him begin. Let him begin with the Sugar trust. Let him follow this up with the Whisky trust.

Dan Lamont's Economy.

Notwithstanding all we have heard about the economy in the war department, Secretary Lamont managed to spend $5,000,000 more money in 1894 than his predecessor did during the previous fiscal year.

Lower Wages For Lumbermen.

The threat of free trade in lumber has completely demoralized the lumber trade in every section of the country. There has been stagnation in the building trade, which, together with the uncertainty as to future values caused by delay in the tariff settlement, has naturally curtailed the output of the mills. As a consequence there have been many idle lumbermen, and their wages have fallen. Two years ago the lumbermen in Georgia were earning from $1 to $1.25 per day, but lately they have been only receiving from 70 to 85 cents for a full day's work. They find that the loss of $2 or $3 in a week's wages does not compensate them for any cheapness there may be in the price of goods. They begin to appreciate that protection for lumber is also protection for lumbermen, and they wonder if the mere fear of free trade has already caused a loss of $2 or $3 a week in their earnings what free trade itself will do. This "object lesson" is bringing the southern lumbermen over to the side of protection.

This Is Truly Shocking.

We are continually being bidden to expect all manner of good things from democratic government. In fact, the term "democratic" is so perpetually on the tongues of political spouters that it is getting sickening. But here is a democratic (American) government which has existed for over a hundred years presenting to the world a spectacle of selfishness and corruption that is truly shocking.—Nottingham (England) Guardian.

Generalship.

"The Clantys does be slow returning what they borry," said Mrs. Dolan.

"Yis," replied Mrs. Rafferty. "Oi niver forgit the throuble Oi had gettin back the flatoirons Oi lint 'em wanst out o' the koindness av me heart."

"An how did yez git 'em?"

"Oi sint my b'y Tiddy to holler out that the Clantys wouldn't be in this country on'y St. Pathrick chased the snakes out av Oireland. Thin the oirons come over the back fince fasht enough. All Tiddy had to do wor to dodge 'em."—Washington Star.

The Mexican Agave.

The Mexican agave is a vegetable growth used in making an intoxicating wine. According to a tradition of the country, it was the first plant God made. Another species of the agave is used for the same purpose as soap, its leaves when broken and rubbed together producing a cleansing lather. It is also employed in poisoning fish to be eaten, this poison, like so many others, having no effect upon the person who eats the fish.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

To brine butter take a pound of granulated sugar, a tablespoonful of saltpeter and 3 gallons of brine strong enough to bear an egg. Boil the brine and strain when cool. The butter should be wrapped in cloth before placing in the brine.

Our berlin correspondent sends us a suggestive account of the way in which a German detachment, operating in east Africa, was routed by a swarm of bees. They—the soldiers, not the bees—were reasoning with a native chieftain by means of grenades. The native levies fled, but a swarm of bees, terrified or exasperated by the blaze of fire, sallied out to avenge the honor of the flag. Their stings drove the assailants in all directions and nearly killed an unfortunate sergeant who had been left behind. These insects would be an exceedingly cheap defense of African nations if they could be made amenable to command.

By a proper understanding with the locusts, the centipeds, the giant beetles and the giant ants of Africa they might succeed in keeping a very extensive sphere of influence entirely to themselves. Nothing can resist a general levy of the insect world, as was shown the other day in a sudden rising of the wasps. For our comfort they usually, like the foes of the traveler's story, want unanimity. The ants could hardly hate one another worse for slight differences of color, race or habits if they belonged to human kind.—London News.

Ways of a Captive Wildcat.

Everybody has heard of Nic Arend's wildcat. The cat was given Nic some months ago and ever since has been living on the fat of the land. The cook, a colored woman at Nic's place, feeds the cat, which has manifested a great fondness for her. When she approaches the cage, he purrs in the most pleased manner, but if anybody else comes about him he immediately growls and shows his wicked looking fangs. The cat is perfectly satisfied with his home. Two or three times his cage door has been accidentally left open, but he never even walked outside to see what the rest of the world looked like.

However, whenever it occurred that the cage door was left open, Nic always missed a chicken. The other day he saw the cat catch one. He simply crouched down by the door and waited until the chicken, oblivious of danger, came along, and then he shot out his paw and had the chicken by the head. After he catches and kills the fowl he picks all the feathers off of it almost as carefully as a cook and uses his mouth in the operation while holding the bird between his paws.—Florida Times-Union.

Rossetti's Grave.

Few, if any, visit with intention the last resting place of Dante Rossetti at Birchington, about a mile from Westgate-on-sea. Some there are indeed who have discovered the grave in a casual ramble through the churchyard of the little village, but they are few. This scarcity of visitors arises probably rather from ignorance as to where the poet painter lies buried than from indifference. There must be many an admirer of Rossetti among the thousands who visit the various watering places of the Isle of Thanet who will be glad to learn that within a few miles' distance lies the little village of Birchington, uninteresting in itself, but full of memories of the great teacher.

For a few years before his death Rossetti retired to the seclusion of a bungalow on the neighboring cliffs, where he was visited by a few select friends. It was in this one storied building, overlooking a vast expanse of the German ocean, that he died, on April 9, 1882. His grave lies close to the church porch, and the headstone is covered with beautiful carving, designed by Madox Brown.—London Illustrated News.

Peter Will Never Be an Orator.

Peter Phillips, a colored man, lost the power of speech in McDade some 12 years ago. He says he knows no reason for it. The most curious part of all is that he talks away from town as plainly as any man. He runs his farm in an intelligent way, always making as good crops as his neighbors, and even when unable to talk his trades with the merchants or others are as economically and sensibly made as the average man of his race. For years some people have doubted his statement and have thought he could talk if he would, but for more than 12 years no man has ever heard him speak a word in any town or at any public gathering.—Cor. Galveston News.

The Alexandrian Codex.

The "Alexandrian Codex," often referred to in Scriptural studies, is one of the most valuable and important manuscripts of sacred writ known to be in existence. It is written in Greek on parchment in finely formed uncial letters and is without accents, marks of aspiration or spaces between the words. Its probable date is the latter part of the sixth century. As early as 1098 it is known to have been in the library of the patriarch of Alexandria. It was sent to England as a present to Charles I by Cyrillus Lucaris in 1628 and is now in the British museum.—St. Louis Republic.

Military Tactics.

A Confederate guard in South Carolina during the war was questioned as to his knowledge of his duties.

"You know your duty here, do you, sentinel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, suppose they should open on you with shells and musketry, what would you do?"

"Form a line, sir."

"What! One man form a line?"

"Yes, sir. Form a bee line for camp, sir!"
—Texas Siftings.

An Aid to Sleep.

An excellent way to cure insomnia is to bandage the eyes with a handkerchief before retiring. The compress seems to drive away the blood from the eyes and so to cure or at least to temporarily relieve that feeling so often experienced by insomnics of trying to see in the dark.

Order your meat at the City Market of Huner & Fenning. •

Geo. Joseph repairs guns and bicycles at Cory & Mack's store opposite city hotel. Jl1tf

Order your vegetables at Langdon's. Fresh every day and everything in season. •

M. Langdon has just received a car load of eating and cooking apples. Prices lower than ever before. Call and see them. •

The best heating for the least money at Lewis Hdw. Co., and don't forget to get their prices before buying anything in their line. •

The finest potatoes on the market can be found at the store of M. Langdon on Stevens St. They are sold cheaper than at any other place in the city. •

Thirty Majestic steel ranges were sold by Lewis Hdw. Co. the past month and nothing but praise can be heard for them on all sides for their economy and quick work. •

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. J. J. Reardon & Co. •

Langdon has one of the finest assortments of fancy groceries in Rhinelander, and the beauty of it all is, that the prices are away down, almost out of sight. The buying public is invited to investigate. •

"I would rather trust that medicine than any doctor I know of," Says Mrs. Hattie Mason, of Chilton, Carter Co., Mo., in speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale at Palace Drug Store. •

Ten room house to rent. Inquire of E. G. Squier. Aug. 16-tf

The best of cuts, and all kinds of fresh meat at City Market. •

Good yoke of oxen for sale. Inquire of Stevens Lumber Co. •

Confectionery, fancy and plain, sweet and not so sweet. Come and look at it. At Langdon's. •

Now is the time to buy storm sash and Lewis Hdw. Co. are at the bottom on prices. Give them a call. •

Now is the time to order your fall and winter suits. Remember Beers has the finest assortment in the city to select from. •

Greatly reduced prices are the order now at Clark & Lennon's on Gas Stoves and Refrigerators. Come and see what you can buy one for. tf.

For Sale at Retail.

No. four and six boards,
No. two and cull dimension,
Lath and shingles.
tf STEVENS LUMBER CO.

Dry Wood.

Shingle Wood, $1.00 per load.
Slabs and edgings $1.25 per load.
Delivered to all parts of the city by A. Kincaid. Leave orders at Stevens & Son's mill office. 1yr

Logging Outfit For Sale.

AT STELLA, ONEIDA CO., WIS., consisting of 18 horses, 10 heavy logging sleighs, heavy horse and cattle, harness, chains, etc. All in fine condition. To a responsible party the terms may in part be approved paper. SCHROTH & AHRENS.
STELLA, Oct. 29, '94. o25-8w-d13

Teachers' Examination.

A supplementary examination for Oneida County will be held at the High School building in Rhinelander, on Saturday, November 24, beginning at 8:15 A. M.

All teachers holding limited certificates will be obliged to take this examination. Those desiring may raise their standing in any branches or take the additional studies required for a higher grade of certificate.

Applicants will come provided with pens, pencil and legal cap paper.

MARY HOWE SHELTON,
Supt. of Schools,
Oneida County.

Dated, Rhinelander, Oct. 26, 1894.
nov 1-4t-n22.

Summons.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, } Circuit Court
ONEIDA COUNTY.
LIZZIE JOHN, Plaintiff,
vs.
JOSEPH JOHN, Defendant.

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN TO THE SAID DEFENDANT:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the Court aforesaid; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint.

MILLER & MCCORMICK,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
P. O. Address, Rhinelander, Oneida Co., Wis. 6w—Nov. 22.

Notice of Assignment.

Notice is hereby given that on the 6th day of October, 1894, F. Martin, of Rhinelander, Wisconsin, made and executed to the undersigned a voluntary assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors, pursuant to the provisions of Chapter 80 of the Revised Statutes of Wisconsin, and that every creditor of the said assignor is required to file, within three months with the undersigned assignee, whose postoffice address is Rhinelander, Wisconsin, or with E. C. Sturdevant, clerk of the circuit court for the county of Oneida, Wisconsin, whose postoffice address is Rhinelander, Wisconsin, an affidavit setting forth the name, residence and postoffice address of such creditor, the nature, consideration and amount of the debt claimed by him, over and above all setoffs, upon pain of being debarred a dividend.

Dated Oct. 8, 1894.
O 18-24-N1 HARRIET H. PIER, Assignee.

ONEIDA COUNTY, } ss. In Justice Court.
CITY OF RHINELANDER. }

To R. R. Scott:

You are hereby notified that a summons and garnishee have been issued against you and your property. Garnished to satisfy the demand of M. J. Chaney, amounting to $25.00. Now unless you shall appear before C. F. Dillett, a justice of the peace in and for said county, at his office in said city of Rhinelander on the 13th day of October, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will be rendered against you and your property sold to pay the debt.

Dated this 26th day of Sept, A. D. 1894.
3w. M. J. CHANEY, Plf.

Summons.

CIRCUIT COURT,—ONEIDA COUNTY.
BROWN BROTHERS LUMBER CO., a corporation, Plaintiff,
vs.
ADELLA YOUNG, GID YOUNG and S. W. LANCKEY, Defendants.

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN:—TO THE SAID DEFENDANTS:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the court aforesaid; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint; of which a copy is herewith served upon you. Said complaint is filed in the office of the Clerk of the circuit Court of Oneida County, Wis.

ALBAN and BARNES,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
P. O. address Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wis. 6w, Oct. 11—Nov. 15.

IN PROBATE, ONEIDA COUNTY COURT.

Notice is hereby given that at a special term of the County Court to be held in and for said county at the Probate office in Rhinelander, in said county on the 4th day of January, 1895, at 11 o'clock a. m., the following matter will be heard and considered:

The petition of John J. Lyons for an order of this court directing Carrie J. Adams, administratrix of the estate of Joseph J. Adams, deceased, to execute a deed of certain real estate to said John J. Lyons.

Dated Nov. 8, 1894.
JAS. W. MCCORMICK, County Judge.
nov 8-8t13

ATTORNEYS.

ALBAN & BARNES,
Attorneys at Law.
Collections promptly attended to.
Office over Spafford & Cole's

MILLER & McCORMICK,
Attorneys at Law.
Collections sharply looked after.
Office over First National Bank

L. J. BILLINGS,
Attorney & Counselor.
Rhinelander, Wis

DILLETT & WALKER,
Attorneys at Law.
Office on Davenport Street. Rhinelander, Wis

PAUL BROWNE,
Attorney at Law.
Collections a Specialty. Rhinelander, Wis

A. W. SHELTON,
Attorney at Law.
Special attention paid to homestead law and contests. Rhinelander, Wis

FINANCIAL.

MERCHANTS' STATE BANK,
Capital $50,000. Surplus, $15,000.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Brown Street. Rhinelander, Wis

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
of Rhinelander.
Capital and Surplus $80,000.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Bank Corner Davenport and Stevens street

PHYSICIANS.

T. B. McINDOE,
Physician & Surgeon,
Rhinelander, Wis
Office Corner Brown and Davenport Streets.

H. C. KEITH,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office in Brown's Block. Rhinelander, Wis

F. L. HINMAN,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office in An[illegible] & [illegible] Store. Night calls from residence, N. W. Corner Court House Square. Rhinelander, Wisconsin

"STALEY'S WESTERN MADE"
WOOL UNDERWEAR & OVERSHIRTS

A. G. STALEY MFG. CO.
FACTORY SOUTH BEND — IND.

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Buy once and you will use no other,

SPAFFORD & COLE.

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Having purchased the business and fixtures of the firm of Hunt Bros. I am in the business of selling all kind

Meats and Provisions

Fish, Poultry, Etc.

I ask a share of the public patronage and guarantee my best efforts to give you good honest weight of the best meats I can buy at market figures. Should be pleased to see you at the shop. Corner Davenport and Stevens streets. Very truly,

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Merchant Tailor!

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A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths always on hand. If you want a first-class perfect-fitting suit call on me.

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